



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

MAY, 1881.

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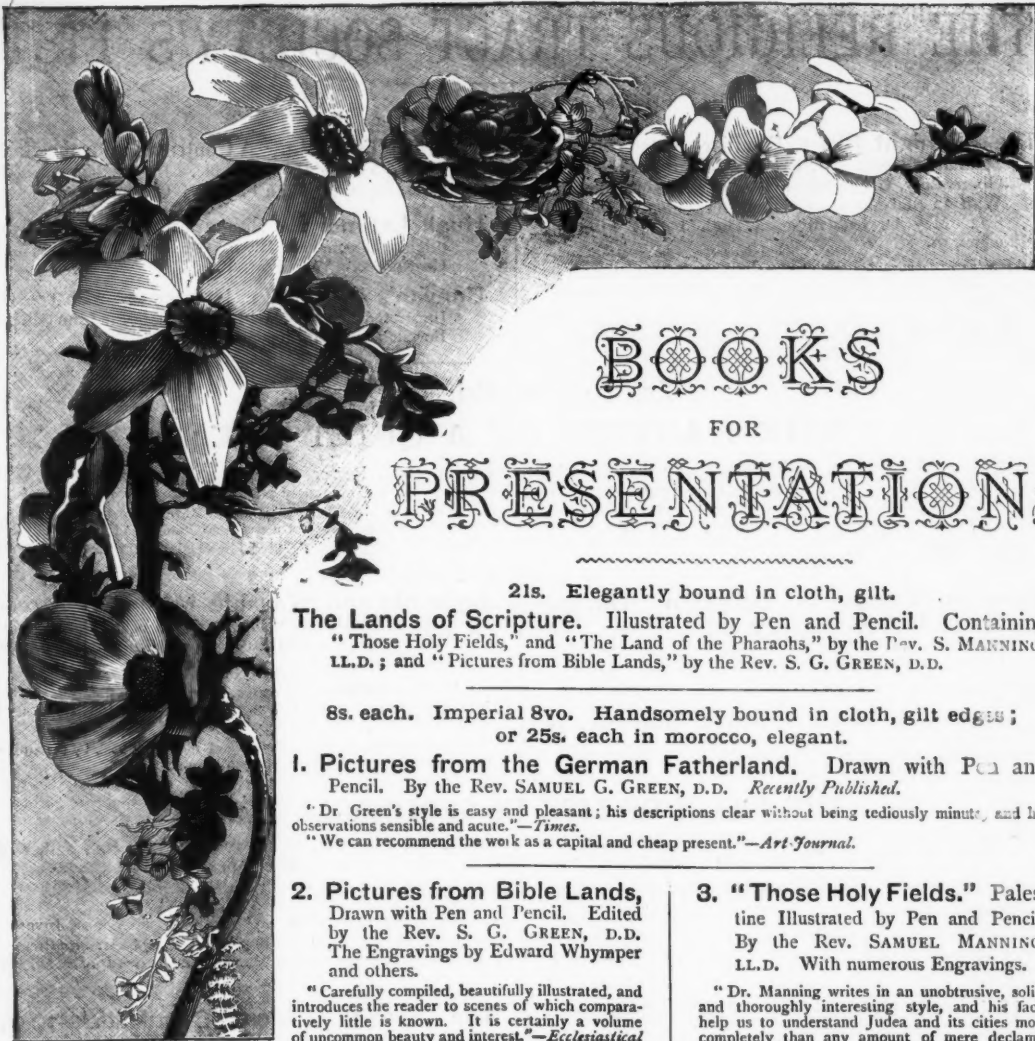
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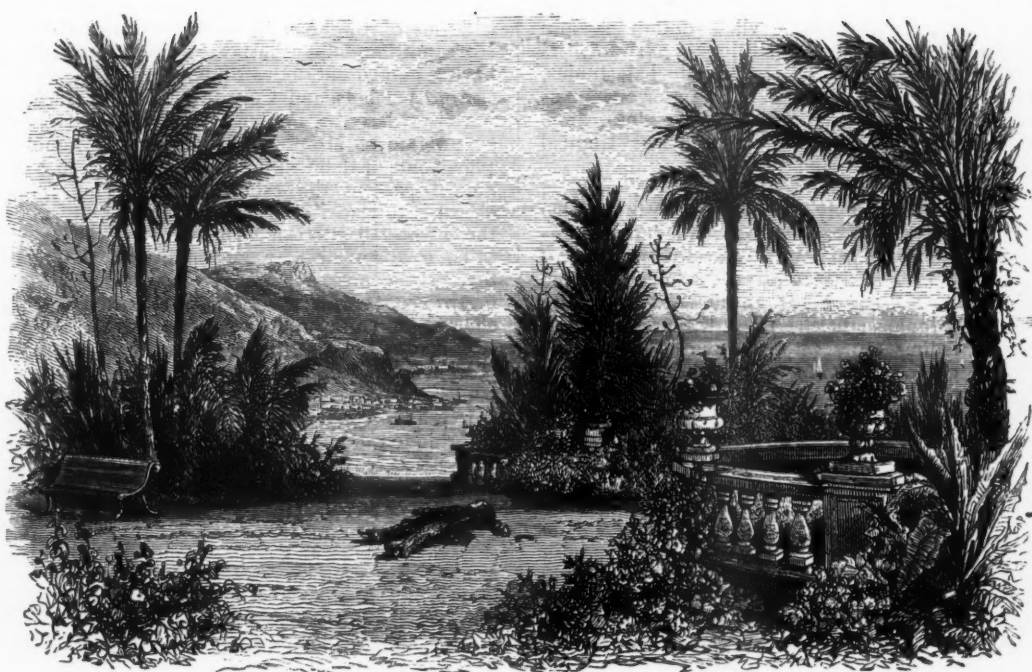
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• A WOODLAND RAMBLE.

## MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.



THE GARDENS OF MONTE CARLO.

OVER the gateway of one of the most splendid palaces in Northern India is this inscription, *If there is a heaven upon earth, it is here, it is here!* We have heard Dr. Duff, the great missionary, describe the Oriental wealth and beauty of this palace, with its gardens of delight, but, knowing the vices and the crimes associated with the place, he said that the inscription might rather be, *If there is a hell upon earth, it is here, it is here!*

With much the same feeling we think of Monaco and Monte Carlo. Nature and art combine to make this one of the loveliest spots in Europe. Any one would say so on looking down from the Corniche, over the blue Mediterranean, upon the rocky peninsula on which the town of Monaco is perched. It was from this mountain-road that Tennyson saw it, and said—

“How like a gem the sea-girt city  
Of little Monaco basking glowed.”

No site could be more grandly picturesque. The history of Monaco is in romantic keeping with the

site. Beginning in early Greek times, and the legendary life of Hercules, it became famous in Roman annals. On the mountains the fortress of Turbia guarded the road which is now the Corniche, and marked the boundary between ancient Gaul and Liguria. Turbia is said to be a corruption of the Latin Trophæa, the tower, now in ruins, erected by Augustus when peace was restored to the united empire. In later ages the Moors occupied the rocky peninsula till expelled by Norman rovers. In the troubled times of the Italian wars of the middle ages Monaco often changed masters, till the noble house of Grimaldi obtained the sovereignty, protected at different periods by Spain, France, or Savoy. Under the first Napoleon it was part of the kingdom of Italy, but after his downfall the petty sovereignty was restored to the heir of the Grimaldis, Honoré V, under the protectorate of Piedmont. The tyranny and misgovernment of the paltry potentate caused, in 1848, the revolt of Mentone and the dependencies on the mainland, and after the cession of Nice and the re-establishment of the old department of the Alpes Maritimes, Monaco became subject to France under Napoleon III, who pur-

chased at the same time the feudal titles and rights of the principality.

But it is not our purpose here to dwell upon the history of Monaco, nor to give descriptions of the place, which will be found in all handbooks of Italy. We pass on to speak of the modern appendage of the historic town, which has transformed the natural Paradiso into a human Inferno. This is "the fairy-land of Monte Carlo, with its great and splendid turreted Casino, its exquisite green lawns and gardens, its brilliant rows of shops and cafés, its picturesque villas dotted up and down the smooth English-looking sward, its Italian terraces bordered by marble balustrades, its long flights of stately steps, its glorious luxuriance of feathery palm-trees, massive aloe-plants, thick clustering yucca-blossoms, and heavy tropical foliage."

"Around us," we quote from a recent paper in "Belgravia" (January, 1881, p. 318), "is the blue Mediterranean, broken on every side into a hundred little sapphire bays. Back of us rise tier after tier of Maritime Alps, their huge summits clouded by a fleecy mist. To the left is the white rock of Monaco; to the right, the green Italian shore, fading away into the purple mountains which guard the Gulf of Genoa. Lovely by nature, the scene has been made still more lovely by art. From the water's edge, terraces of tropical vegetation rise one after another toward the grand façade of the Casino, divided by parapets of marble balustrades, and connected with one another by broad flights of Florentine steps. No language can do justice to those beautiful and fantastic gardens. Clusters of palms and aloes, their base girt round with rare exotic flowers, are cunningly thrust in the foreground of every beautiful view, so that you see the bay and the mountains through the artistic vistas thus deftly arranged in the very spot where a painter's fancy would have set them. You look across to Monaco past a clump of drooping date-branches; you catch a glimpse of Bordighera through a framework of spreading dracænas and quaintly symmetrical fan-palms. In the very centre of the picture, the Casino itself stands up before a background of mountains, embowered in the Oriental foliage of a hundred lovely and strange-shaped trees. Never was a siren more beautiful or more deadly than Monte Carlo."

How is it that this "paradise" is a place of danger and death?

An infamous privilege has been granted by the Prince of Monaco to a French company for the establishment of gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, as now carried on by the successors of M. Blanc, of Homburg notoriety. This "*tripot*," or *enfer* (hell), forms a source of shameful revenue to the prince.

So much misery and crime have been caused by similar institutions in other countries that every Government has felt it an imperative duty to suppress them. Banished as an intolerable evil from their old haunts, some of the leading gamblers of Europe have settled down, like so many birds of prey, upon the few acres which constitute the nominally independent principality of Monaco.

With the losses of their victims the *salons* of the Casino are decorated with gorgeous magnificence; and the finest music is daily discoursed upon the terrace or in the concert-room by skilled performers, the band being said to be the best in Europe.

Large sums are annually expended upon advertising the healthy advantages of the place. In surrounding towns numerous touts press the superiority of hotels there, and newspapers are subsidised to "puff" the praises and extol the beauties of the spot, in order to attract visitors. Now and then false reports are spread as to visitors having gained enormous sums.

Bold Jezebels and Corinthian harlots, such as novelists describe, in rich and elegant costumes, congregate at Monte Carlo during the hours of play, some of them with such regularity as to seem almost part of the establishment. Their chief object is to lead victims to the tables, and woe to those who fall into their hands.

To give an air of respectability to the place there are concerts, balls, promenades, and reading-rooms, to which any one is admitted free of charge. To the gambling saloons a card of admission is required, but this pass is at once given on presentation of the visitor's card at the secretary's office.

It is a noticeable fact that entrance to the saloons is forbidden to any inhabitant of Monaco, and to any citizen of the Department of the Alpes Maritimes, except members of the principal Clubs or *Cercles*. French, German, Russian, and other Continental visitors, are the usual frequenters of the saloons, but English and American strangers are too often seen there.

It is quite possible to have a stroke of luck, but even the fortunate winner is certain to lose if he is tempted to continue the hazard. The great majority of players lose heavily: in a single day's play some gain and others neither lose nor win. But the bank is bound by necessity to win, whatever may be the vicissitudes of individual gamblers. The compartments of the roulette-tables, into which the pea may leap after being spun, are thirty-seven, one being zero, or blank, the others numbered up to thirty-six. The chances may be equal for the marked places against the bank, but when zero turns up all the money from every compartment is hauled in by the croupiers. Every thirty-seventh stake falls to the bank, making a large revenue, from the vast sums of money on the tables before every turn of the wheel. At roulette the smallest sum allowed to be staked is five francs, the largest being 6,000 francs. At *Trente-et-quarante* a napoleon, or twenty francs, is the minimum stake. There are about a dozen roulette-tables. To many who have not been to Monte Carlo, or seen the tables at Homburg or Baden-Baden formerly, or in Paris in older times, the famous picture in the Doré Gallery may have given a life-like picture of a gambling hell. All looks calm and orderly, the emotions of the most excited players being usually restrained in public. But under the surface are hidden tumultuous feelings and passions, by which reason is too often overthrown.



The number of actual suicides is declared by the prudent local press to be exaggerated, and the authorities take good care that the victims are quickly and quietly put under ground. From careful inquiry and trustworthy reports we are satisfied that the cases of suicide at Monte Carlo itself do not exceed eight or ten each season. But who can enumerate the broken constitutions, the blighted prospects, the ruined homes, or describe the vile pandemonium of dishonesty, covetousness, falsehood, intrigue, lust, and every form of baseness and crime, that make up the true Chronicles of Monte Carlo?

The question arises, How does the French Government, whose President is a representative citizen so respectable as M. Grévy, tolerate on its territory this terrible Inferno? The recent alliance of a young Bonaparte to the daughter of Madame Blanc reminds every one that the licensing of the Casino of Monte Carlo was one of the dark deeds of the Second Empire. Is there any secret contract for the licence to run during a term of years? A Government which professes so much concern for improved education and morals, should hasten to remove what is a disgrace to the Republic and a scandal to Christendom.

## "WILL HE NO' COME BACK AGAIN?"

BY JESSIE EDMONSTON SAXBY.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Certainly there are many devils, but there is no devil like a Frank in a round hat."—*Disraeli*.



"HAT a fool I was!" said Danford Munro to himself, after he reached the seclusion of his own den that evening. He had gone home very soon after his interview with Mona had terminated, and was feeling much mortified by the result of their conversation. "What a donkey a fellow does feel like when the girl he loves chooses to exert her authority over him! If it had been any one but Mona I could have said such heaps of things, but all my ideas mix themselves like broken glass in a kaleidoscope when she is near me, and for the life of me I can't do more than stare at her like a great unmannerly schoolboy. I had meant to remind her of what she said that evening by the thorn-tree and repeated on the shore. She said she would cover my transgressions with love. Why did I not remind her of that to-night? And yet it would not have done any good, for when she spoke those sweet words she also said that she could imagine circumstances occurring to keep us apart in spite of our love. In fact, I feel sure she won't marry me unless I am avowedly what Scotch folk call 'a Christian.' She will go on praying for me, expecting me to become a reformed character, and waiting for a union after death; but I have neither patience nor faith to wait for such a blessed consummation. I want my wife in this world, and I'll never be fit for that other if she does not come and lead me to it."

There was profound philosophy in what a man once affirmed—that he felt himself to be a better Christian in sunshiny weather than when it rained or there was a fog. There was deep knowledge of human nature shown by the physician who prescribed *sal volatile*, generous diet, and a daily drive for the lady who had lost peace of mind

and the happiness which flows from spiritual rest. We need not wonder at the Church's non-success—in some cases—when we see her ignorantly dividing the wants of soul and body as though they were the "sheep and the goats," and persist in declaring that to mortify the one must be for the good of the other. If such a belief were the *Christian* one, why did Christ put on humanity? If it was the soul only that was to be saved, there would not be the same fitness in His coming to earth as a child and a man. And until we learn to respect the merely physical more than we do we shall not be able to raise fallen man as his Creator desires. The soul is too closely linked to the mere animal nature to have divided interests; and if the one is worth considering, so also must be its partner. That was what Jesus taught, and His mission is being frustrated while those who call themselves His disciples persist in ignoring the claims of *human nature*.

Dr. Munro would not have been so sceptical if his interview with Mona had been of a more satisfactory kind, for, notwithstanding all that had passed, he had been clinging to an unreasonable hope, and could not endure seeing it shivered to atoms. His own good sense had shown him how impossible it would be for Mona to trust her life to his keeping, and for that reason he had refrained so long from telling her of his affection. Yet in spite of all he was angry and disappointed because everything had happened just as he expected it would. What inconsistent beings are lovers! "I suppose now," he went on grumbling to himself, "that she will keep me at a respectful distance. I will be allowed to visit as *the doctor*, and converse as *the friend*, and that sort of thing will go on and on till I die of old age—unless something happens which at this moment I don't believe *can* happen."

And then Danford, instead of simply seeking help, and owning his weakness, went off into one of those vain speculating searches into mysteries which our finite understanding cannot comprehend.

Perhaps it was restless thought upon a more vital subject than either love or philosophy that kept him sitting late that night—so late that he was still asleep next morning when a maid came in haste from Inveresk Cottage, to say that the doctor was wanted there at once.

Miss Winton had got up rather earlier than usual, and, going down to the parlour, had found her father lying there quite helpless. The power of speech was gone, and consciousness also, it seemed, and it was feared that he had been struck by paralysis. Danford's slumbers were rudely dispersed by such intelligence, and he was soon hurrying to the cottage, where he found Mr. Winton in a very critical condition, and his wife wailing over him. But for Mona's presence of mind the whole household would have been in a disorganised condition upon finding its head and guide bereft of all power to know or act.

The girl, however, had contrived to place her father in as comfortable a position as possible, and when Dr. Munro arrived she was kneeling on the floor, supporting the overtaxed grey head upon her arm, and striving to win a word from the lips that had never breathed aught but tenderest love to her. Alas! John's tongue was mute. He could not even move his hands, and the only sign of life which he exhibited was an asking look in the eyes.

Few questions did the doctor require to put, and the slightest medical examination was enough to show what was the matter. Slight, too, was the aid which any skill could afford to the invalid, but a man's presence among those frightened women was of great use. By Danford's directions a couch was prepared, and John was laid thereon; and in that room where he had passed through such a season of trial—where he had parted from his son, where he had wrestled with his own self-righteous pride and crushed it down for ever—there John Winton had to "dree his wierd," and bear the hardest cross which man can be called upon to endure.

And Sholto's mysterious disappearance was not explained, for his father's lips were sealed by the hand of disease. Indeed his recollection of the parting scene was entirely obliterated when he returned to partial consciousness. All he remembered was that there had been *something* to make him desirous of seeing Sholto, and when the power to use a pen came he eagerly wrote, "Where is my son? I have something to speak to him about."

Poor Mrs. Winton did not know how to answer the question, and even Mona was perplexed when she discovered that a merciful Providence had removed all recollection of his son's misdemeanours from the old man's mind. To recall it would be cruel, yet how else explain why Sholto "was not"?

Dr. Munro solved the difficulty. "It would be the extreme of cruelty to tell him what he has so

providentially forgotten. In fact I won't answer for his life if Sholto's absence is enlarged upon just now, for there is no doubt that the attack was brought on by the sorrow he was in about the laddie, and a second stroke would most likely be the consequence of enlightening him. Just tell him the lad is away."

Thus said Dr. Munro, but such a meagre explanation did not satisfy John Winton. "Surely *nothing* should keep him from me as I am," he wrote, pathetically. Then the doctor tried to explain Sholto's absence in general terms.

I ought to mention that this did not happen until some weeks after Sholto's disappearance, for it was all that time before John rallied so far; meanwhile all hope of the prodigal's return was given up by every one except his mother, who continued to hope all things, and Mona durst not impart to her the fears she had begun to entertain that he had rashly ended his own life. She had found Messrs. Thorntons' receipt upon her father's desk, and that had seemed to her reason enough why Sholto had felt himself to be "disgraced and undone." From what Danford had told her at first she had not been led to think that Sholto had committed a grave wrong, nor had she supposed that his folly was known. But that paper explained Sholto's disappearance as well as his father's serious illness, and Mona feared the worst. Moreover, the loving sister could not imagine it possible that Sholto would remain in self-imposed exile (even under such a cloud) unless he were ignorant of his father's state. And to be careless of them all, as such ignorance implied, was yet more difficult to believe. Over and over again did she discuss the subject with Danford Munro, hoping that his knowledge of life might be able to throw some light upon the mystery, but all their united wisdom never helped them to anything approaching the real state of the case. Danford agreed with Mona in so far as fearing that Sholto was no longer alive, and he reminded her of how Mr. Winton had shared that opinion at the very first; but the friend who had stood so stoutly by the lad refused to believe that he had crowned his follies by so criminal an act as suicide.

"Even in the face of such strong circumstantial evidence I cannot think that of Sholto," said the doctor; "if he is gone, poor boy! it has been by illness or foul play."

Mona, startled by the thought of such a supposition as those last words implied, exclaimed,

"Oh! Danford, who would be base enough to harm him? People always liked Sholto. He never nourished unkind feeling towards any one. Surely such a terrible conclusion has its foundation merely in your generous affection, which will not believe our dear To guilty of anything worse than reckless folly!"

"My conjecture may arise from more than that, Mona. Do you remember the part that rascal Brown played in the smuggling catastrophe?"

"Certainly. But you know I saw Sholto after the captain did, and he was in the room while the poor victim of his jealousy was escaping by the concealed passage."

"I don't know. I don't quite see how to piece the facts together," mused Dr. Munro, "and I do not wish to impart my suspicions to any one."

"And yet, Danford, not even for Sholto's sake would I judge another unfairly, or without the least evidence."

"Some evidence is not wanting," replied the doctor, a little piqued by her words. "You know I left Brown on the shore that evening, and we did not search the vault until some time afterwards. We do not know *when* Sholto left it, but it is only reasonable to suppose that he would not attempt to come out on the shore while any of the excisemen were likely to be near the creek, and that some of them were on the spot all the time, I know."

"But they would not recognise him wrapped in my plaid!"

"He would not risk testing their power, I think. What more likely than that he remained where he was until all was quiet?—what more likely than that he would steal out when the coast was clear, and we were occupied with your poor father?—what more likely than that Brown saw him *then*?"

"But he could not have hurt Sholto after what you had done."

"No, that is true," and Danford smiled with grim satisfaction over the recollection; "but then he might have followed him. You know the rascal did not leave Prestonpans for a couple of days; and after he had gone a strange man came down, and was seen skulking about the cottage for some time. Tom Gray told me he was uneasy lest Sholto might return then, for he believed the stranger to be a spy of Brown's sending, as he had twice posted a letter addressed to the captain. It may have been as Gray thought, but it may have been worse. Who can tell *how* the sneaking informer and his unknown ally spent that week in this village?"

Still Mona was loth to believe in foul play so terrible, and was rather trying to convince herself that Sholto was lying ill somewhere.

"In spite of what Thomson and the others said when questioned, I cannot help fancying that some of them knew more about our poor boy than they would acknowledge. Does it not seem likely that they would instantly inform him that Tom Gray had discovered a spy in the place, and that would warn Sholto?"

"I will put the whole set through a new course of questioning. They are warm-hearted, unselfish men, those sailors. Notwithstanding their weakness on the subject of smuggling, if they but suspect that a friend has been wrongly dealt with, they will conceal nothing that they know to help on the avenger."

"But, Danford, you must be careful not to proceed from a foregone conclusion. I do think your supposition is the least likely of all. I did not tell you that I found on father's desk a paper which leads me to believe that Sholto would rather rush upon death than face the shame which he had brought upon himself and us."

And then Mona showed the receipt. Dr. Munro mused over it.

"Most inexplicable!" he muttered. "But I will be at the bottom of this affair yet. Your father has paid money he had no right to pay, and young Thornton had no business to allow the firm to make such a charge."

"But if our poor infatuated boy took the money, surely it was only just that the Thorntons should not be the losers."

"He gave over the money sure enough, but he took it without a thought of being dishonest—merely to help Jack. And I am not going to allow him to bear the blame of other men's misdeeds." Then Danford explained to Mona all that Sholto had confessed, which proved beyond doubt that he was less to blame than his associates. "But it is always so," remarked the doctor, "the least vicious member of such a set usually gets saddled with the misdeeds of his more experienced companions, and in that way many an unfortunate youth becomes stigmatised, and his whole life ruined, through some comparatively slight error on his own part."

Dr. Munro seldom "let the grass grow under his feet" when action was necessary, and the morning after that conversation with Mona saw him in Mr. Thornton's office. Brief time did he give to the meaningless civilities which usually open the way to all conversation, but with prompt *medical* directness Danford plunged into the subject which he was there to discuss. "I came to see you, Mr. Thornton, on behalf of my friends the Wintons."

"Ah! a sad business that altogether. I hope pecuniary difficulties are not following. If so, our firm, you know, doctor, has done business with Mr. Winton for many years, and we would—"

"That is not the difficulty at present, though my visit here has to do with money matters certainly. After Mr. Winton was taken ill his daughter found this receipt on his desk;" and Danford produced the tell-tale paper.

"Yes! yes! I protested against the wording of it, but Mr. Winton would have it so. I thought that though it was strictly true, yet paternal feeling might have softened it without intrenching on what was due. I am a father myself, and I was prepared to sympathise with Mr. Winton, but I was repelled—to say the least of it."

"I have nothing to do with that, Mr. Thornton, but I wish to know if you have had any conversation with your son about Sholto Winton's affairs."

"Certainly. I have not told him altogether about the money which was abstracted, because I promised Mr. Winton to be silent about that; but I have spoken of the young man's follies as a warning to Jack."

"I am glad to hear that your son does not know that so much has come to your knowledge, else I should blame him severely for not enlightening you further. However, I must ask you to call him here now. You said he was in the office assisting you?"

Mr. Thornton opened his eyes, not at all guessing what Dr. Munro might mean. "I promised Mr. Winton, as I just now mentioned, not to discuss this painful topic with any one, and I do not feel at liberty to comply with your request."

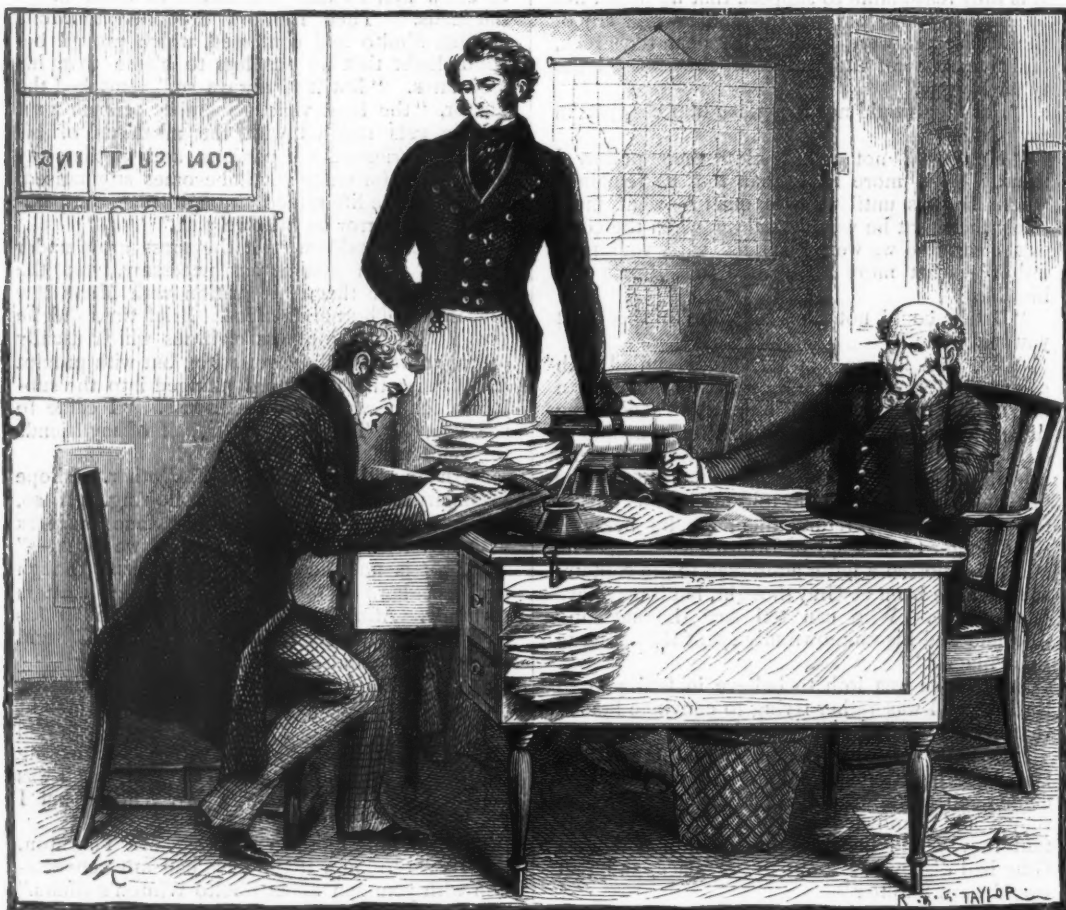


"I am afraid you *must*, Mr. Thornton," the doctor said, abruptly. "My friend Sholto Winton has mysteriously disappeared, and his father is helpless. The boy's character is defamed, and I alone am able or willing to defend it. *And I mean to clear Sholto from undeserved blame.*"

"Undeserved!" stammered Mr. Thornton, "why his own father acknowledged the sin, and there in your hand is the proof of it. How can you wipe that out? and what has *my* son to do with it?"

"I! really—don't you know Sholto was going very fast? I believe, though, that that Captain Brown borrowed money from him and—really—this is astonishing news!"

"When I last had a conversation with my friend Sholto he told me of all his affairs. I know every particular better than you do." Dr. Munro spoke very quietly and Jack knew at once that the thunderbolt was charged. Mr. Thornton, too, began to guess something of the truth, and there



BROUGHT TO BOOK.

"That is the question I wish to put to him in your presence."

Mr. Thornton, too amazed for further words, rang the bell and dispatched a clerk for Jack, who was discontentedly assisting in Sholto's place, and little dreaming why he was wanted. He started with surprise on entering his father's office and finding Dr. Munro there. They exchanged a slight bow, and the doctor said at once, "Will you look at this receipt and tell Mr. Thornton and myself if you know what became of that money?"

Jack's face blanched, but he took the paper.

came a painful silence of some moments. Then Dr. Munro drew two other bits of paper from his pocket-book. "I hold here," he said, "Captain Brown's I O U for a certain sum, and here is a letter that proves beyond doubt who owed your firm the greater part of that lost money. You know your son's handwriting. I presume, Mr. Thornton?" and the speaker held out Jack's note which Sholto had given.

Mr. Thornton did not have the same true fatherly heart that John Winton possessed, nor did Jack possess one of Sholto's better traits of



character, therefore neither of them was so struck when the revelation came as the other father and son had been. Jack only felt afraid of what his parent would say and do, and Mr. Thornton only thought of how he could hide the blot upon his name from the eyes of men. Even in the first sudden surprise these were the thoughts that obtruded before others; and Dr. Munro, who had been feeling a little sorry for both, said to himself that compassion was wasted in their case.

"Jack, this is monstrous—infamous! I am ashamed of you."

"You never allowed me to enjoy myself like a gentleman, and I was obliged to conceal taking money lest you might question me as to how it was spent," the son retorted sullenly.

And the altercation thus begun might have gone on indefinitely had not Danford quietly possessed himself again of both Jack's letter and Mr. Thornton's receipt, and then said, with extreme coolness,

"You will settle your own score between yourselves much better when I am gone; but first I must have Sholto's part in this business set upon its proper footing. I am not going to screen him from blame. He *was* to blame, but others were worse than he. You," to Jack, "and your friend Captain Brown persuaded him to act as he did, and you two had all that money except one hundred pounds, which Sholto paid back again with money borrowed from me. Mr. Thornton, I exact that you hand back to me the money which Mr. Winton paid believing he was cancelling a disgraceful debt of his son's, and with the money I must have an acknowledgment from *your* son of his share in this. I need not say that such an acknowledgment will only be seen by Sholto's parents and sister, unless, indeed, the matter becomes public; in that case I have evidence enough to vindicate my friend."

"This cannot become public," Mr. Thornton exclaimed, hurriedly; "it is only known to the firm and Sholto's family and yourself."

"And I doubt not is in safe keeping, Mr. Thornton."

"Then why exact an acknowledgment from me?" asked Jack.

"Because I like doing things in a businesslike way," Danford replied, with a smile that might have meant anything.

"You allow then, that *you* had our money?"

Mr. Thornton said to his son, and Jack assented.

The merchant gave a cheque, as John Winton had done, for the amount specified, and Jack, to the doctor's dictation, wrote a note acknowledging that the money had been taken by his desire, and had been given to him and his friend the captain.

Dr. Munro methodically placed these documents along with the others in his pocket-book and marched off, leaving the Thorntons to "redd the roost" as they pleased; and we can imagine that that was not very amicably done after what had passed.

Danford's next step was to find out Tom Gray. That was easily done, as the young fisherman had not been implicated with his comrades, and was residing at home with his mother. The doctor

told Sholto's old playmate all he suspected—not even concealing the fact that Sholto *had* obtained temporary refuge in his father's house—and elicited some very important information. For no less reason than to throw light on the unaccountable disappearance of one who had been his playmate in boyhood, and whom all the young men of the village loved, would Gray have confessed what he did. He told the doctor that he had been "sweet-hearting" one of the maids at Inveresk Cottage about the time of the smuggling fracas, and one evening (shortly after Sholto's disappearance) was waiting among the crags close by for a chance of speaking to her, when he saw a stranger—the very man he suspected of being Brown's spy—go round to the back of the cottage and make a signal which was immediately answered by the appearance of Janet at a window. The angry lover was too much engrossed by his own outraged feelings to care to listen to the subject of their conversation, which was brief but marked by little tenderesses which showed beyond doubt that the charmer was a faithless coquette. The colloquy terminated abruptly, as if some one had unexpectedly interrupted it. The stranger drew back in the shadow of the wall, and at the same moment another appeared upon the scene, but the second was evidently no lover. He moved forward with uncertain steps like a drunken man, yet hastily and in fear, then turning the corner, disappeared up one of the lanes. No sooner had he gone than the stranger (and spy) followed in the same direction, and Gray, beside himself with jealous anger, went home. It was not until he had been there some time, and his wrath had cooled a little, that a sudden thought suggested itself. Something in the gait of the second man he had observed had struck him as familiar, but it was too dark for identification. Moreover, Tom's thoughts were too much occupied with his unknown rival to care to discover who the tipsy (as he supposed) wanderer might be. But later, when the fumes of passion disappeared, when reason said, "If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be?" when whispers got abroad of foul play to poor lost Sholto, then the young fisherman recalled what he had seen that evening, and came to the conclusion that that other was Sholto Winton coming out of the concealed passage behind his father's house, and that Captain Brown's spy was tracking the hapless youth to his destruction. Thoroughly alarmed, Gray lost no time in communicating with his associates, but not one of them knew of Sholto's place of concealment. He had not shown himself to any of them, and all their efforts to find him were in vain. They expected every hour to hear that he had been captured, through the instrumentality of Brown's confederates; but to their surprise that worthy continued to lurk about the village for two days longer, then disappeared, and the fishermen congratulated themselves upon Sholto having evaded his enemy once more.

After hearing Gray's statement not a doubt remained upon Dr. Munro's mind as to what had happened, and he told the horrified young man that he believed the spy had found out Sholto's

retreat, and had murdered him. The doctor never minced words, and he was too much in earnest in this case to conceal one thought, however dark, that had been pressed upon his mind. "We ought to have adopted this opinion at the beginning," he said to Gray, "but precious time has been wasted, and now I fear we may have much difficulty in tracing the murderers. It seems from what you say that Thomson and the others believed that Mr. Winton and I were helping Sholto to get away, and *we* were thinking all the time that his companions in the scrape were screening him. Thus all his friends have actually been playing into the hands of his enemy;" and Danford stamped his foot impatiently as he thought of the unfortunate mistake they had all committed.

Some hours later, when the doctor was cogitating in his den over all those perplexing circumstances, a visitor was announced, who proved to be none other than Thomson, supposed to be many miles away from Prestonpans.

"You're surprised to see me, doctor. Ye did no' ken I was within hail a' the time. But Tom Gray has telled us about Mr. Sholto, and I am here to redd up the mystery if my presence can do sae in any way."

"Spoken like a man, Thomson; thank you with all my heart, but I do not see how your presence can clear up the affair since (as Gray told me) you have never seen Sholto since you all parted on the shore."

"I can at least tell how he came to be wi' us, and how little he had to do with our business, and though I cannot bring him back I can clear his name so far, and then I'm thinking he may turn up after a', for I will no' believe he has come by any ill end—such a likely lad!"

"If he is hiding because he is afraid of being caught and disgraced, your evidence would certainly be of much value, but I do not think *that* is the reason why he makes no sign."

"At any rate, my poor help shall no' be wanting to remove blame from him wha never should ha'e been blamed," Thomson stoutly replied. "I'll gang up to Edinburgh the morn and tell all my story; and what I came to you for, doctor, was to ask who was the proper person to gang to; will it be the sheriff, or the police folk, or may be the excise officer?"

"I believe you are right to act as you intend doing, Thomson, and I will go with you. I think we had better go first to Lieutenant Bruce, and you can tell him all you wish to say."

"Then if it is no' too late for you, sir, I would like to be off now. The sooner it's done the better, and there will be no more back-aboot transactions done by me or mine, I can tell ye. The trouble aboot oor bonnie leal-hearted laddie is a lesson we will none o' us forget. And when we see him weel oot o' this, we'll take care he is never in anither scrape o' the sort."

"Would that he were out of this!" sighed Danford, as he got ready to accompany Thomson upon his unselfish errand. "Would that we had the dear laddie safe back among us, but I begin to fear that will never be."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"We ought to blame the culture, not the soil."

—Pope.



It was a totally new experience to Lieutenant Bruce to have smugglers hunt him up and quietly request to know what their punishment should be! Dr. Munro stood by an amused spectator, while Thomson bluntly informed the lieutenant that the speaker was the ringleader who had been "wanted" by the excisemen, and that he was there for the express purpose of giving himself up to justice. To say that Lieutenant Bruce was struck dumb would be saying a very small part of his "state" while receiving the fisherman's frank communications, but a light began to dawn upon his reason when Thomson added, "I'm no' owning that I did a serious wrang by yon sort o' traffic; and I'm no here because I am feared for you, or your men, or the law. I'm here to clear young Mr. Winton o' all blame, and to do what I can to restore him to his folk, 'cause it was by me that he got into yon trouble."

Bruce had impulsive Highland blood in his veins, and he caught Thomson's hand, exclaiming, "I'll pay your fine myself, and turn smuggler too, before I will see such a manly fellow as yourself punished."

"I'm thinking that wad no' satisfy some folk, nor help to find Mr. Sholto—but I am obleeged to you, sir, a' the same. If it is nothing mair nor a fine I have to pay I'll do that same at once gladly, and I'll promise to gie up the *double-trade* for the rest o' my natural life, if the law that demands my doing sae will either find oor lost laddie, or haul his murderer to justice."

"His murderer! what do you mean? what's being conjectured, doctor?" exclaimed Bruce, in great astonishment.

Danford then briefly informed him of the suspicion which was gaining ground that Sholto had met foul play, or was being forcibly detained somewhere; and as he repeated one detail after another the case did begin to wear the most serious aspect—more so indeed than even the doctor had allowed it to do in his own mind.

"What do you purpose doing, and how can I, on this man's self-accusation, help you?" Bruce presently asked.

"Thomson's avowal is of this use, that it proves Sholto's innocence as far as complicity with the smugglers goes; and, since he must be conscious of his own guiltlessness, there is no reason why he should hide himself from his friends. Also it proves that he has not been with them, nor received assistance or shelter from his comrades. In short, Thomson's evidence is that Sholto has not done what he naturally would have done if alive. Then Tom Gray's story is terribly conclusive. I have also questioned the girl Janet, and she admits that the stranger with whom she was conversing was Captain Brown's servant. She says that he asked a great many questions about Sholto—if he had been at home since the *row*? where he usually went in the village? and who were his most intimate acquaintances? She was ready enough to speak; for the scamp had not come to see her again, and she saw that she had been merely used as a tool. She said that she had not seen anything of the man since one night when he went off in a hurry because a half-tipsy young chap came round the corner, and she thought they must be acquaintances, for her friend went after the other as if he wished to overtake him. That was no drunken youth, but the poor, unhappy, hunted boy, who had probably been trying to effect an entrance into his father's house through the concealed passage, and was scared away by Brown's spy, who followed Sholto—where? That is the question I want to have answered."

"It looks awfully black," said Bruce, shaking his head; "but I fear the evidence is not strong enough to move the machinery of the law. You see, Gray could not be positive that it was young Winton whom he saw; for, if I understood you aright, he did not get the impression that the youth was his friend until some time *after* the evening in question."

"Anyhow," said Danford, with unwonted impetuosity, "I have gathered enough of evidence against Brown to convict him in the opinion of all honourable men, if not in the eyes of the law; and no single surmise which has the least colouring of truth shall be hid from the public. But I am not so sure as you seem to be, lieutenant, that we have not collected sufficient evidence to provoke a legal inquiry at least."

"It can be tried, anyhow; and you must not think that I wish to dissuade you from any attempt to solve the mystery. I merely wished to remind you of the difficulties ahead."

"And if your assistance should be required, would you give it?"

"Certainly. Indeed, I believe I can add more than one link to your chain of circumstantial evidence by showing what a very strong animus Brown cherished. The gentlemen who were with him on board my vessel remarked upon it; and I remember one of them said he would not like to be the fellow to whom Brown took a dislike, for he would not stick at evil work—these were the very words—when his hatred was stirred."

"And I greatly fear that his worst passions were moved to their muddy depths in *this* case," replied Dr. Munro.

"Where is the brute to be found?" exclaimed Thomson, grinding his teeth ominously. "There will be mair nor one murder done if this affair is no' redd up afore long. Think ye, sirs, *we* will let oor bonnie young callant gang unavenged? The pride o' oor toon! The boy that grew up among us, and was our friend and comrade! Some o' us rough Prestonpans fishers loved him as tenderly as ye lo'e women; and ilka man o' us wad have died for him. Tell me where to find that sneaking villain, and I'll force the truth oot o' his throat wi' this!" And Thomson stretched out his hands and clawed the air as if he were grasping Captain Brown.

A slight smile flitted across Lieutenant Bruce's face at the mixture of the comic and the tragic in Thomson's demonstrations, and he remarked,

"My good fellow, I am glad to say that I can't tell you where Captain Brown is at this precise moment, but I believe young Winton's cause is better left to Dr. Munro. Depend upon it, he will do all that friend and man can do for the lost one—who, I can't help hoping, may return before long to quiet us all."

"What can I do, then, to mend what I marred?" Thomson asked, meekly.

"Just go quietly to your home, and wait there till you hear from me, my good friend. I will lay what you have said before the proper authorities, and I have no doubt you will not be much troubled about your smuggling delinquences if you are prepared to pay the fine. If not, I think I can arrange that also. But you really must not take any other steps in this matter unless with the consent of Dr. Munro, for you may only make the case worse for young Winton instead of better."

So Thomson went back to Prestonpans peaceably; while Danford, acting upon his own conviction, and with Mona's consent, laid the whole case before the "Fiscal," whose duty it is to investigate any circumstances which may be suspected of criminality.

The cautious lawyers somewhat damped Danford's sanguine expectation of bringing Sholto's murderers to justice by pointing out the missing links in the chain of evidence; and the most important of all these links was what Dickens calls the proof positive of death—a dead body! In short, the lawyers said that before any one could be arrested on suspicion of being young Winton's murderer it must be proved that the lad was dead.

Evidence went strongly to show that he had important motives for concealing himself, and, until his remains were discovered, there was no ground whatever for saying that he had met his death by the hand of an assassin.

Far more likely that other theory as tragic, as sorrowful; and, notwithstanding his strong convictions, Danford Munro was compelled to admit that in the minds of unprejudiced people that conclusion was the one most likely to be adopted. Yet that Captain Brown should continue to fill an honourable position while his unfortunate rival



lay (as the doctor almost believed) in some foul pit murdered, unavenged, was a state of affairs which his staunch friend had no intention of permitting.

"The law won't help me to do justice, but public opinion shall."

His next step was to offer a large reward for information regarding Sholto, and this advertisement finding its way into many newspapers, of course drew notice to itself and provoked questions, so that before long the whole story was widely circulated.

Danford waited impatiently for a reply, but no answer was ever received; and the conclusion he came to was that Sholto could not possibly be alive, or either he, or some one who knew where he was, must have seen the advertisement. Feeling more than ever convinced that he was in the right, Danford then drew up a statement of the whole story, and laid it before Captain Brown's commanding officer. Rumours of the captain's behaviour had been circulating among his acquaintances (as it had not been difficult to identify him with the "noble soldier" to whom allusion was made in the newspaper accounts of the poor lost youth), and more than one of them had seen fit to turn their backs upon him in consequence.

At last some hint of it reached Kate Mowbray about the same time that Dr. Munro was "making a stir" on Sholto's behalf. If she had been moving in a less exalted sphere she would probably have heard the whole story at once, but the refined and diplomatic circles of which Kate was the ornament were careful not to repeat any one of the reports about Sholto to the lady who, it was surmised, had had "something to do with it all." Fashionable friends will whisper one's reputation into shreds in little asides that commit no one, but they know better than to tell the subject of their gossip what is being said. "There might be a scene, you know, and scenes are vulgar—very." "Poor dear Kate is too fond of flirtation, and I always thought she would do something foolish if she was not more careful; but it is none of my business," etc., etc., etc. So the circles whispered, and Kate never read any newspapers, consequently she never heard aught of Sholto until one of those accidents, which will happen even in the best regulated society, occurred to explain in part her lover's long silence.

It was at a party, and she was sitting down to rest after a long and fatiguing dance. Her partner was a new acquaintance, and Kate liked novelty. But though the gentleman had never been honoured by Miss Mowbray's acquaintance before that evening, he had known Sholto slightly, and admired him as all who met him did.

Moreover the gentleman was a lawyer and took a professional interest in everything savouring of mystery and crime. What more natural than that he should make some remark to his fair partner upon the topic which was at the time engaging a good deal of attention.

"What a curious affair that is of young Winton's," he said, and Kate's heart began to beat rapidly.

"I have not heard," she said, "anything of Mr. Winton for a long time."

"Oh, then you knew him? He had a knack of carrying ladies' hearts by storm, I used to think; and that is partly why his story is creating such a sensation."

"Indeed! He has not been at any parties for some time, and I supposed he had gone home to the Highlands to bury himself among his beloved heather."

"His home was nearer Edinburgh; and, heather or no heather, it is to be feared that he has buried himself very literally somewhere."

"This room is very oppressive!" Kate exclaimed, peevishly, and as if she had not heard the gentleman's last words. "Shall we walk in the gallery? It is so stifling and crowded here."

Overjoyed at the opportunity so graciously accorded for a little quiet flirtation, the gentleman led Kate from the ball-room.

"Now I shall want an ice," she murmured, in her prettiest accents; and after the gallant lawyer had procured that tempting auxiliary to the death's head and crossbones, and Kate had disposed of it in a way to prove Disraeli wrong when he affirms that "if a woman eats she may destroy her spell," then she wanted to be fanned; then the gentleman must go and fetch Kate's opera-cloak for fear of chills.

For quite half an hour Kate continued to delight her partner by all her little ball-room arts, and never once did she allude to the subject which lay nearest her heart. At last, when small talk had ebbed, and soft nothings began to flow from the lawyer's lips with something more than legal volubility, Kate said,

"I shall have to go and ask some one to take me for a waltz if you can't find something sensible to talk about. I am too tired to talk myself, and it is your business to entertain me. I thought gentlemen of your profession always had something interesting to tell one. Please tell me a nice story."

"I am not very good at story-telling, and I do not know the sort of stories that interest you, Miss Mowbray."

"Something gruesome, horrid, mysterious, with a tincture of truth in it—something mesmeric or policified," Kate murmured, as if her words were composed of butter-Scotch, manufactured by Ferguson, prince of confectioners.

"Then this tale about Sholto Winton which is going the round of the papers will just suit your taste."

"Yes, yes! By the way, I believe you began to say something about it when we were dancing. Did you not?"

"You did not seem so interested as I expected you to be."

"Am I supposed to remember with deep interest every young man that comes about my uncle's establishment? This hero of yours used to visit us, like multitudes besides. What has he done to make himself famous? Has he ran off with an heiress, or stolen a cheese?"

"That is just the question that has got to be solved—what has he done? No one knows at



present, but the story is this. Winton was a hot-headed, impulsive chap, with a great deal of romance and daring in his composition—qualities that come rather out of date in the nineteenth century. He used to go to sea with the men of his native town, who are reputed to be little better than the Cornish smugglers of long ago. It is said that he had a quarrel with one of the officers of Colonel Mowbray's regiment—you probably know the man, I do not—and his name has not been mentioned in public as yet; but I venture to say he can be no gentleman, for he actually went and informed against young Winton, who had gone on some secret expedition with his friends the fishermen. No doubt things were not what one would call exactly on the square, but that was no business of the officer's.

"Consequence, a great row. Some men captured with contraband articles in their possession, but Winton got off—at least, the excisemen did not catch him, and he was supposed to be in hiding with the connivance of his friends. But by-and-by those friends begin to ask where he is, and echo answers—where? And then it turns out, to cut a long tale short, that he has never been seen or heard of by any one since he disappeared during the row."

The lawyer paused, and Kate remarked, in a low tone,

"Nothing very mysterious in that. Don't naughty boys often run away and hide for fear of the laws?"

"But people do not believe that *this* naughty boy is doing so. His character has been quite cleared from all imputations by the manly and highly honourable way in which his sailor-companions have come forward and taken all blame on themselves. A certain doctor (who has evidently mistaken his profession) has advertised for his lost friend all over the kingdom. The young man's old father is nearly dying of grief about him. He has a mother and sister, who are in despair. He was well known to possess the tenderest domestic feelings, and no one believes that he would continue in concealment if he were aware of all that has happened since his disappearance."

"Still, I do not perceive any dreadful or tragic element in the story."

"The dreadful and tragic element is that the strongest ill-feeling subsisted between young Winton and the officer who is nameless. They were rivals, it is said, for the smiles of some fair lady. Ah! you see, Miss Mowbray, how much your charming sex is answerable for! Several men have affirmed that Winton nearly shot his rival one evening, and that the other vowed revenge more than once. He is the sort of mean, vindictive chap that never forgets an injury, and he and his servant dogged the young man until—! There the story breaks off. All the threads are suddenly severed at that point; and whether poor Winton committed suicide or was murdered remains an open question, which does not seem likely ever to be settled. But that he is hiding, and sound in mind and body, is an opinion entertained by no one."

"If you please, I should like you to take me home."

Kate's voice was broken, and her breath came in short pantings between the words. Her partner, looking at her amazed, saw that all the soft colour had faded from her face, and her dark eyes were dilated with pain and horror. Then something he had heard of a colonel's daughter or niece having to do with Sholto's story came back upon his memory; and the lawyer, trained to unravel tangled skeins, suddenly found that one of the broken threads of the tale he had been rehearsing was in his hands. After that discovery he had the pleasure (or difficulty) of carrying Kate in a swoon to her carriage, where the colonel and a doctor took possession of her, and she was whirled from before the eyes of her bewildered admirer before he knew exactly what had happened.

Next morning Miss Mowbray presented herself before the colonel, and said,

"If you please, uncle, I want to tell you what made me ill last night; have you a little time to spare?"

"Certainly, Kate, if you wish it; but I fancy you had better tell the doctor yourself. He will understand the case better from your account of it than from mine."

"The doctor has not got anything to do with it, and the doctor cannot cure me. I am as miserable as ever I can be, uncle;" and then out came the whole of Kate's confession. It had cost her something to admit how foolish she had been, but Kate felt that she would rather meet the colonel's wrath than bear the self-reproach of her own heart.

Uncle and niece had a quarrel, of course. The former was naturally very much exasperated upon finding that Kate had contracted a secret engagement with a nobody, and had "got mixed up in what might turn out a police case;" but the girl, blaming herself as the cause of Sholto's misfortunes, avowed without reservation the affection she had entertained for him, and her deep sorrow on his account. Moreover, she declared that she would not hesitate to appear as a witness against Captain Brown; and altogether made the colonel feel far from comfortable.

But angry though he was, Colonel Mowbray's sense of justice was not blinded. He made further inquiries, and Danford's defence of his friend, following Kate's tearful declarations, went straight to the soldierly heart of the old gentleman.

"It was an affair not worth the notice of an officer," said the colonel, as he strode up and down indignantly, "and Captain Brown has brought more disgrace upon himself than upon that unlucky boy—worse than disgrace, indeed. And if he has not been the means of ending young Winton's life prematurely, he certainly is the cause of the poor father's affliction. He has brought reproach upon the regiment I command."

Having so expressed himself, the colonel, a few days later, took counsel of some of his brother officers, which resulted in Captain Brown receiving a hint from head-quarters that he had better sell out, or exchange into another regiment.

He chose the former alternative; and when Danford Munro had made up his mind to have some words with the captain (as a last forlorn hope of getting on Sholto's track) he found the bird had flown. The captain had vanished, leaving no trace behind.

Thus Danford's schemes had only succeeded in part, and his chief aim had been quite defeated, for no light had been thrown upon Sholto's unaccountable disappearance. "Had he been of my sort of make I would not wonder as I do," soliloquised the doctor, "but being the lad he is, warm-

Fortunately for both, Mr. Winton's precarious condition kept them employed, drawing their minds somewhat away from the one engrossing topic; but whenever they were not busied with the invalid, thought and speech flew directly to their dearest subject.

Danford put all his personal hopes and wishes aside, and, as a son and brother would have done, exerted himself to sooth Mrs. Winton and Mona; and it was during that painful time that his sceptical tendencies received their first decided check. Witnessing (as he daily did) the agony of those tender womanly hearts which must have sunk



COLONEL MOWBRAY AND HIS NIECE.

hearted, almost womanly in his affections, accustomed to having every care removed for him, scarcely fit to cope with difficulties, seldom able to stand alone, and utterly incapable of devising a cool deliberate plan of action and following it, I do not believe he *can* be alive and withholding himself in this inexplicable manner. Poor Sholto! It does not seem that I can do more for you."

It was with such depressing thoughts that Danford sought the cottage to report his last failure. He could not, truly, do more for Sholto personally, but something was left for him to do in the way of comforting the mother and sister—the one clinging to wild uncertain hopes which are more agonising to bear than a known calamity, the other oppressed by the weight of forebodings more terrible than even the truth could be.

under their grief but for Divine support, Dr. Munro learned to appreciate, as he had never done before, the power of a religion which enabled the bereaved mother to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Hour by hour he saw them turning to the One Refuge for all trials, and he knew that comfort, strength, sympathy, were imparted, such as neither sentiment nor philosophy could have given them. He was struck with a certain indescribable awe as he watched Mona and her mother, and found that resignation as well as fortitude came to them through their frequent communion with The Unseen. The voice of a friend, however loved or revered, failed to bring what one hour of silent prayer did; and Danford was compelled to acknowledge that even in a narrow creed there may be hid a more precious jewel than in the

wider fields of atheistical reasoning, since the former can lift a human soul above its sorrows, and the latter leaves it to wrestle with its trials alone.

Sholto's story was a nine days' wonder to society generally, and a matter of police interest to certain cliques, and then something else happened—a shipwreck or a bank failure, and the novelty-craving world forgot all about the poor youth.

But in his native village Sholto's disappearance continued to occupy the minds of all, and imagination ran riot in its conjectures regarding his fate. I am very certain that if Captain Brown or his servant had shown themselves at Prestonpans lynch law would have been administered without hesitation or remorse, but they took care to give the village and its neighbourhood a wide berth. The captain disappeared (as his young rival had done), and though his whereabouts could have been more easily discovered, he was as far removed from his foes as Sholto was from his friends, who could only nurse their wrath and love together.

Wherever the doctor's profession called him he was assailed with eager questions, and he had to listen to every extravagant conjecture which the imagination of mortals could invent regarding his friend. He listened patiently, for he knew how much affection, and not love of gossip, had to do with all the talk. Moreover, he knew that frequently important facts are gathered from the trivial talk of even those who have little personal interest in the subject of their talk.

There was something grotesquely horrible in old Betty Gray's announcement—made in hollow whispers as Danford stood beside her with a bottle of cod-liver oil which he was vainly assuring her was much better for her complaints than either French brandy that had not paid duty, or Scotch whisky that had—that "oor men will no' haud be till they've found him, and every noo and again Tom gangs wi' they ithers and dooks atill every hole that could haud a corpse. They've dragged the coast for miles, and they've been doon the auld coal-shafts, and they will no' stop, I can tell ye, till the dear callant is found."

It was curious enough that when so thorough a search was going on no one thought of inspecting the old tower, which had been Sholto's favourite haunt in boyhood; where he and Tom Gray had more than once risked life and limb for a sparrow's nest; where he had indulged in many a bright fantastic dream; where he had shudderingly expressed a belief that Preston Tower would be his grave. Mona and Danford were unfortunately not endowed with Sholto's sensitive imagination,

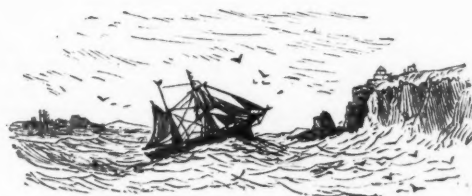
or they would have remembered the strange presentiment which they had treated as a joke at the time it was expressed. People with limited appreciation of the metaphysical are too apt to treat what they cannot understand as the "baseless fabric of a vision," and thus neither sister nor friend recalled Sholto's words, or dreamed of directing the searchers to the tower.

A more effectual stop had been put to the smuggling propensities of some of the people by Sholto's disappearance than by all the force which Church and State had brought to bear upon illicit trade for centuries. If one of their number had been killed in a brawl with the excisemen they would not have been deterred from pursuing the same dangerous game again. But it *cut deep* to know that one who had never shared in the spoil, but was always ready to take a part of the risk, lost his life (probably) through being mixed up with their venturesome transactions. A boy, too, if not in years and muscle, certainly in heart and experience; and his father's only son. The villagers knew little or nothing of the other difficulties into which Sholto had fallen, consequently the men with whom he had been associated took the blame of his unknown fate upon themselves.

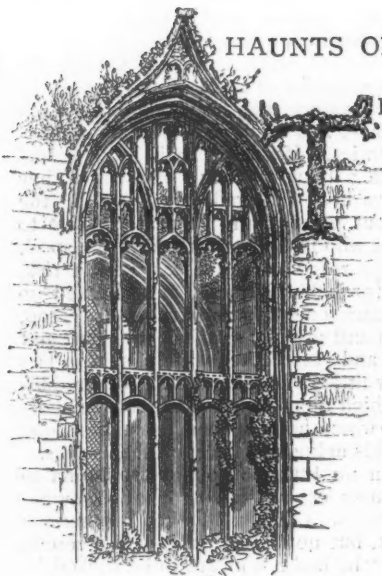
It had been no little consolation to Mona to hear Dr. Munro's explanation of Sholto's monetary delinquencies. These had looked very serious indeed at first, but now Mona said, with a certain thankfulness, "he had not meant to be wicked."

Ah! how few of us *do* mean to be wicked when we take the first step down-hill? If we could only see the *last* step of that fatal pathway we should start back appalled before we set our feet upon its edge where the intention to do wrong is not seen.

When Mona marked the universal sympathy which met her she could not help asking herself if she had altogether understood her brother's character, since it was scarcely possible that he could have been so weak as she had supposed and have retained the love and homage of so many. Perhaps his unsophisticated boylike manner had misled her into overlooking the sterner stuff that was in him. Like his famous prototype, the Bonnie Prince of song and story, Sholto Winton was exalted into a hero through his misfortunes and personal attractions; and misfortune, as in the case of the last of the Stuarts, brought into relief the better qualities which were never seen when his way was smoothed by prosperity. Sholto himself had yet to learn the "uses of adversity," and as he had proved his own folly, so now it might be possible to assert his better nature.







Bolton Abbey.

## HAUNTS OF OUR LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

THE true artist finds inspiration anywhere and everywhere. The young painter who can make nothing of London will, in all probability, fail at Rome, and he who can find no beauties on the Thames would do no better on the Rhine or Danube. Most of our great landscape painters have well commenced by taking that which came first to hand. Lambeth Palace and Chelsea were subjects good enough for young Turner; "bits" on the Thames have made the early reputation of scores of our artists; Surrey hills were good enough for Linnell, and Surrey commons, within walking distance of the metropolis, for Cox; tame and level Suffolk yielded glorious subjects to Constable, not merely in his early youth, but throughout his career; and Norfolk flats gave us "Old Crome" and his followers, the celebrated "Norwich School."

A popular artist in his own day, De Loutherberg, himself a foreigner, a native of Strasburg, familiar with the finest scenes of the Continent, said that "no English landscape-painter needed foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study." Had De Loutherberg, however, who was really a skilful draughtsman and fine scene-painter, resorted a little more to our English nature, Peter Pindar could not have reproached him with depicting,

"Brass skies and golden hills,  
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;"

as in fact he did! But in his days anything like direct sketching from nature, as we understand it, was the exception, and not the rule. Most of his contemporaries in landscape were, like himself, artificial to the last degree, and had their preconceived ideas how nature *ought* to look. The

writer well remembers an artist who, when out sketching with other brethren of the brush, would lie down, pipe in mouth, with his eyes shut, as though annoyed about something, or would turn his back on the scene, still continuing to paint. When asked what was the matter he would dryly reply that "Nature quite put him out." *He* could do better without her.

In these days one cannot complain that our artists do not go to the fountain-source for inspiration. Not merely is it the rule for them to make careful studies "on the spot," but many finish, or very nearly complete, elaborate paintings there. Sketching-tents and umbrellas for the purpose are advertised in every artist's colourman's list. One example recurs to the writer's memory of a faithful and painstaking painter, who always took with him a portable studio, with easel, seat, stove, and all necessary appurtenances, which he would get set up among the woodland scenery in which his soul delighted, so that he might work in all weathers. As some of his pictures occupied him six weeks or a couple of months it was really necessary. Knapsack on back, scores of others travel on foot, rejoicing in perfect freedom of movement, covering their canvas and filling their sketch-books as fancy dictates, or as some specially beautiful scene suggests. Occasionally the experiences of pedestrian artists are amusing.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, himself the son of an artist, tells us that when travelling on foot in Cornwall with a friend, who had a ruler strapped on the back of his knapsack for architectural drawing, they were taken alternately for "mappers," hawkers, and vagabonds—anything, in fact, but simple pedestrians bent mainly on healthy exercise. "I think you are both of you *mappers*," said one inquisitive landlord; "mappers who come here to make new roads. You may be coming to make a railroad, I dare say. We've had mappers in the country here before this." Public opinion in another district was much less flattering. "What can they be?" Answer—"Trodders!" This was particularly humiliating, because it happened to be true; they *did* trudge. "Poor fellows! poor fellows!" sighed an old lady as they passed; "obliged to carry all your baggage on your backs!" Elsewhere they were asked what they had to sell. More than once they were mistaken for pedlars. So the artists carrying their long-poled sketching-tent were taken for acrobats by the roughs in "Punch" some years ago. What matter? Such trifling inconveniences are merely laughable, and are fully compensated by the pleasures of the sketcher's delightful and health-giving life.

While most parts of our country afford excellent



subjects, there are some, of course, which are specially and pre-eminently adapted for the artist's purposes. But then such localities are generally as popular with the cultured public as with the



CHERWELL AND THAMES.

painters. To the mountains of the Highlands, to the English, and in a lesser degree to the Irish lakes, and many of our watering-places, these remarks fully apply. On the other hand, many of our artists' special haunts are less popularly appreciated than they deserve to be. Among such we may place the Upper Thames, which, from the bubbling well in the meadow by Trewsbury Mead which gives it birth, to the verge of the great city, is full of beauties.

The upper river abounds in picturesque locks, mills, horse-ferries, and bridges. One of the latter, six hundred years old and over—now the oldest bridge on the Thames—is oddly enough known as *New Bridge*. Some little distance above this, not far from the river, is a little church—as charming in its way as Bonchurch in the Isle of Wight—that of Somerford Keynes. It is covered with a mass of honeysuckles and roses, intertwined with ivy, from base to roof, while the interior is quaint to a degree, and possesses curious fragments of early Romish paintings, one representing St. Christopher bearing the Saviour across an arm of the sea, while a monk holds a lantern to show the way. Descending the river for the first time the visitor would find innumerable scenes with which he must be familiar if he is in the habit of visiting the picture-galleries. What water-colour exhibition does not include the picturesque flower-covered cottages at Nuneham Courtenay, the quaint twin villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch united by their wooden bridge, Maple Durham church and mill, or the ruins of Medmenham Abbey, which has been inhabited in bygone days by both real and sham monks? The beauties of the Thames

culminate at Cliefden,\* where art has lovingly combined with nature. The combination of mingled wood and water, hill and valley, natural growth and artistic cultivation,—the cool shades of the Taplow woods, and leafy nooks and corners on the river, can only be described as simply delicious.

No artist can, and few try to, do justice to the far-stretching panoramas from the Round Tower at Windsor, or from Richmond Hill. Great painters have failed in their delineation. Leslie was undoubtedly right when he said of Turner's picture from Richmond Hill: "Neither has he expressed the deep, fresh verdure of his own country; and hence he is the most unfaithful (among great painters) to the essential and most beautiful characteristics of English midland scenery." Constable said to me, "Did you ever see a picture by Turner and not wish to possess it?" I forget the reply, but I might have named his view from the terrace at Richmond; from which, with the exception of the general composition, every beauty of that noble landscape is left out. I remember, in a summer of unusual drought, when the trees became embrowned and the grass was burnt up, that the colour of the woods and meadows, seen from Richmond, approached to that of Turner's picture; but I never remember to have met with trees of such forms as those which he has placed in its foreground in any part of the world."

From Richmond and Turner in Surrey to Richmond and Turner in Yorkshire is a natural transi-



NUNEHAM.

tion, for his name will be for ever indented with the latter. Most of the many beautiful drawings and paintings he made of the grand old castle and town, with its picturesque neighbour-

\* It is interesting to know that the now national song, "Rule Britannia," was first performed in the mansion at Cliefden, in the piece for which it was written by Dr. Arne.

hood, grew out of the sketches made by him for Dr. Whitaker to illustrate that archæologist's works on Yorkshire. "Each of the three districts—Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire," says an eminent critic, "is an inexhaustible mine for a landscape painter; but when Turner was illustrating the two first, he was as yet very little of an artist, in the higher sense of the word: he was a painstaking and tolerably accurate topographer, and little or nothing more. In the interval between the Craven and the Richmondshire, he became more of an artist and less of a topographer than any of his brethren. It is difficult, in the history of the arts, to point to a more surprising transformation. It is as if some painstaking, dry chronicler of common events had won the power and achieved the liberty of a poet. Never was caterpillar so humble changed into such a brilliant butterfly." Turner had gained all this by long and patient study of nature.

Of the many artists' haunts three stand out pre-eminently and alone. Was there ever an exhibition of the Royal Academy, Grosvenor, British Artists, or Water Colour Societies, which did not include, generally in many phases, views of Bolton Abbey and Wharfedale, Haddon Hall and Bettws-y-Coed? There may possibly have been such, but if so, the exception was truly remarkable.

Well may Bolton Abbey and the valley of the Wharfe figure extensively in our artists' portfolios, for there the poet's idea of a perfect English landscape,

"Where nature and where time  
Have worked congenial,"

is perfectly realised. Shut in by majestic moor-



GORING CHURCH.

land hills, the Wharfe glides through a richly wooded valley, cleaving verdant meadows and mossy banks rich with ferns and great dock-

leaves, now opening up into babbling shallows, which may be waded, now boiling turbulently over great boulders and rocks made smooth by time. In the solitudes of the woods, between the Abbey and Barden Tower, one gets enchanting



FANGBOURNE.

peeps of romantic glens, with banks richly carpeted with ferns, flowers, and creepers, the overhanging trees dipping their branches into the stream. At one spot the river is confined in a deep rocky channel. There it becomes a rapid torrent, carrying all before it. At length it breaks its barrier, and clearing the richly coloured mossy rocks, at a spot perhaps scarcely five feet wide, falls with deafening noise. This has been from time immemorial known as "The Strid."

The poets Wordsworth and Rogers have both commemorated an incident which is said to have occurred here, and to have occasioned the building of the Abbey.

"Young Romilly, through Barden woods  
Is ranging high and low,  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip upon buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bestride!  
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in  
With rocks on either side.

This striding place is called The Strid,  
A name which it took of yore;  
A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.

He sprang in glee—for what cared he  
That the river was strong and the rocks  
were steep?

But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,  
And strangled by a merciless force ;  
For never more was young Romilly seen  
Till he rose a lifeless corse."

Long mourned the now childless widow, but when  
her grief was somewhat assuaged she commanded  
that a

" pious structure, fair to see,"

should be erected. Then the stately Priory was  
reared, and for four centuries after it was one of  
the leading religious houses of the kingdom, and  
greatly celebrated for its hospitality.

The situation of this venerable ruin is most  
beautiful ; it has hardly an equal, for every purpose  
of picturesque effect. It stands almost on a plain,  
close to a sweep of the river, and is partially em-  
bowered in trees. All round the Abbey there are  
traces of foundations which show that the original  
buildings were most extensive. The charm of the  
place is enhanced by the architectural remains.

In a most striking and romantic, and withal  
one of the most beautiful districts of England—  
the Peak—is situated our second haunt, one  
of the most interesting architectural relics in  
the kingdom. Haddon Hall was built before  
the Conquest, and the extensive and elaborate  
alterations and vast additions made to it at  
successive periods have served to render it one  
of the most attractive of all the ancient mansions  
of our country. No wonder that the painters have  
been so ready to do homage to the conception of  
their brother artists, the architects, for

" Pleasant to see is this English hall  
Of the olden time, on a summer's day,  
Turret and tower, and buttress and wall,  
Shining and shadowed in green and grey.

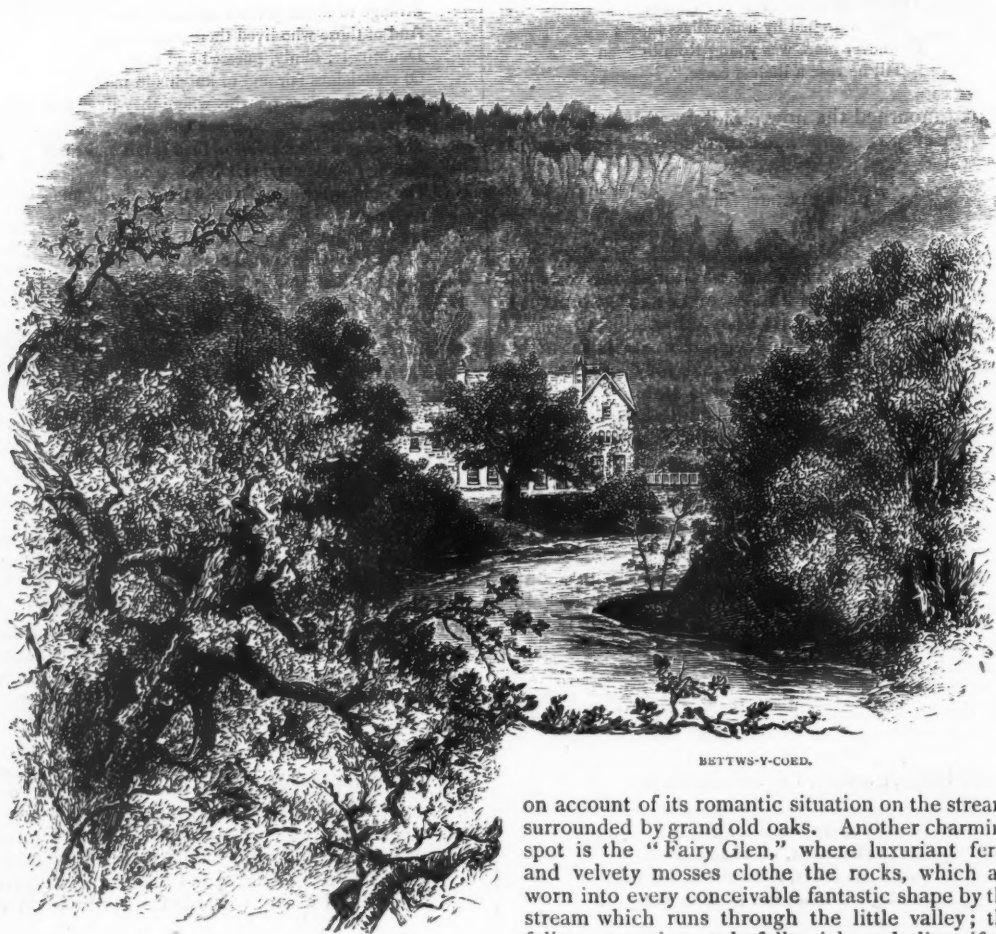
Strange to think of those times of old,  
And of those who lived there—only a tale,  
Doubtfully, dimly, guessed and told,  
Of châtelaines fair and of knights in mail,  
Though the place remains where they lived and died,  
Seen, as they saw it, by you and me,  
The scene of their lives, of their griefs and their pride,  
Telling its tale unmistakably.  
The light still shines through the latticed pane  
As it shone to them, and the shadowed door  
Is the shadow they saw, and the stains remain  
Of the wine they spilled on the dais floor.  
The river that runs by the old Hall's walls  
Murmured to them as it murmurs now ;  
The golden glow of the sunset falls  
As it fell for them, on glade, river, and bough :  
The hall where they feasted, the church where they  
prayed,  
Their cradles, and chambers, and gravestones, stay ;  
While lord and vassal, youth and maid,  
Knight and lady, have passed away."

Haddon Hall is situated on a natural platform,  
rising over the Wye, which is there crossed by a  
venerable bridge. The mansion is partly hidden  
by tall trees, until you approach it by a steep path-  
way, and reach the old gateway with its massive  
nail-studded door, and the porter's guard-room  
with its "peep-hole." The interior remains much  
as it has done for centuries, comprising, among  
numerous halls and suites of rooms, a chapel and  
grand banqueting-hall with minstrels' gallery.  
To the artist the great glory of Haddon is, how-  
ever, the magnificent terrace and gardens, in one  
of the latter of which are a number of yew-trees,  
many centuries old, whose gnarled and knotted  
roots intertwine with and displace the stone edges  
of the parterre. The views from the terrace,  
especially that looking towards the south front of



THE WHARFE.





BETTWS-Y-COED.

the Hall, must be familiar to most readers who visit the annual exhibitions.

Bettws-y-Coed, the third and last of the artists haunts to be considered here—a spot made famous by David Cox, and to some extent by the academician Creswick—is situated in a lovely valley of Carnarvonshire, on the banks of the Llugwy, a stream which falls into the River Conway. The scenery is unusually varied and charming; hence the neighbourhood is always dotted with artists' white umbrellas and sketching-tents in the summer and autumn months. The village is surrounded by rocky glens and deep wooded valleys, which open out sometimes into broad fields and meadows, shaded by fine trees. Through these several large and small mountain streams flow on towards their junction with the Conway, now sleeping in dark, deep salmon-pools, now foaming and fretting over huge boulders, pent in between lofty walls of rock. All these streams and mountain torrents are spanned by old and picturesque bridges, and on them are many ancient water-mills. One of them, Pandy Mill, on the Machno, has been sketched from every possible position,

on account of its romantic situation on the stream, surrounded by grand old oaks. Another charming spot is the "Fairy Glen," where luxuriant ferns and velvety mosses clothe the rocks, which are worn into every conceivable fantastic shape by the stream which runs through the little valley; the foliage, too, is wonderfully rich and diversified. Near here are the falls of the Conway, from the heights above which the views are magnificently wild and extensive.

Close to the village of Bettws is its little Welsh church, old as the venerable yew-trees which nearly encircle it. Formerly there was a chancel, but this was destroyed many years ago by the encroachments of the River Conway, which runs at the foot of a very steep bank close to the churchyard. In this chancel was the tomb of Gruffydd Gôch, a descendant of the Welsh princes, who died in the fourteenth century, and who was a nephew of Llewellyn, the last prince of North Wales. This effigy, which surmounted the tomb, is still preserved in the church; it is well carved in stone, of life-size; he is represented as a mailed knight, and underneath is the following inscription: "Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davydd Gôch.\* Agnus Dei miserere mei."

"The old road," says Mr. Solly, David Cox's biographer, "leading to this church started from the turnpike road almost exactly opposite the

\* A celebrated "Handbook" makes this "Davyd Coch." Could the writer not get David Cox out of his head



Royal Oak, it also led to the old farmhouse belonging to the inn and its large and pleasant garden; but of late years this road has been swept away, or at least the greater part of it, as well as the farmhouse, by the new railway-station and its approaches. The fine old 'Big Meadow,' too, has been cut up, and may be said to exist no longer. The village, as it existed in Cox's time, with its picturesque cottages and primitive inhabitants, is much changed; indeed, it is scarcely to be recognised, so much has it been 'modernised.'

This remark applies also to the old water-mill which stood close to the farm, and which has been lately rebuilt. A very favourite subject this used to be with the artists stopping at the Oak, who generally chose it for their first essay after arriving. The falls of the Conway have been spoiled by the construction of an ugly stone ladder, but there are still many beautiful falls remaining as nature made them, where the water comes foaming down, dyed of a deep amber colour from the peat-bogs through which it has passed. The mountainous road beyond the Oak leads to a high tract of wild and desolate moorland, where Cox drew the inspiration for some of his most impressive works. There is a lovely mountain tarn, too, with gloomy rocky sides, utterly destitute of trees, which, with the distant peak of Moel Siabod, composes into a fine picture. So that there can be no wonder that the landscape artists generally look upon Bettws as one of the most charming of their summer haunts.

We might refer to many other special haunts of artists, but space forbids, and we conclude with quoting the words of a distinguished French writer on English art, M. Théophile Sylvestre:—"I love your landscape painters, whose attachment for their native land is so strong that the widest travel, instead of weakening their impressions of home, appears to strengthen them. I love to follow these men to the fertile plains of Nottingham and Peterborough where the herds of noble oxen gather for shelter under the tall oaks; on the hill at Greenwich, from which is seen the immense panorama of the Thames winding away under the magical changes of a vapour-laden sky; on the heights of Hampstead, Highgate, and Richmond, where the air seems so pure and nature so still, to those who escape for a time from London smoke and London traffic. With these charming artists I follow the rivers, and thread the woods, and pace the well-tilled fields of Suffolk, the Yorkshire dales, the wild defiles of Scotland, the smiling hills of Ireland, the lakes of Cumberland, the rocky cliffs of Jersey, the low-lying shores of Liverpool, crowded with emigrants, who—hopeful, or sick at heart—seek a new life across the sea; and I often look with alarm at the small craft of your incomparable marine painters, tossed by the tempest, or dashed to pieces against the rocks of your coasts. Yes, English painters have drawn from nature all her forms, all her characters, and all her harmonies."



BETTWS-Y-CORD CHURCH.

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## AGNOSTICISM.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY W. ANDERSON.



THE word *Agnosticism* expresses the attitude of the infidelity in vogue at the present day. It is not the declaration of avowed unbelief, but of contemptuous indifference. The Agnostic escapes the moral stigma which is associated with atheism, and claims to have taken up a neutral position between the two parties, whose hatred of each other has passed into a proverb. Agnosticism claims to be scientific neutrality, indifference, rigid impartiality between belief and unbelief.

If religion were no more than another branch of science, this position might be not only tenable but becoming, as well as agreeable. But, however much any one may desire it, to be neutral between Christianity and infidelity is impossible, because Christianity is not a branch of science, but a rule of life, which covers the whole field of human thought and action. If Christianity be true, man's relation to God is of all relations the most intimate and the widest, and is the foundation of all private and public duties. Human life will not wait till the agnostic controversy has been decided, and, in the meantime, while the controversy is going on, which the Agnostic vainly tries to escape, the life of the man who says "There is no God," and the life of him who does not think it worth his while to inquire whether there be a God or no, must be *practically* the same. We cannot discharge duties founded on a relationship the very existence of which is an open question. Thus the assumption of neutrality is vain. In this great issue there can be no more than two parties. The third will have to make common cause with the second. And not only must this be so in practical life, in which our Lord says, "He that is not with Me is against Me," but it will also be found that, in regard to each of the numerous questions in which the truth of revealed religion is one alternative, the Agnostic invariably enlists himself on the other side, and accepts any possible hypothesis, however extravagant and unsupported by evidence, which may save him from the other unwelcome alternative of acknowledging supernatural religion to be true.

If his neutrality were real and impartial, he would act very differently. He would treat each of the rival alternatives in the same way and with the same indulgence. He would place side-by-side the two ways of accounting for and explaining the different series of facts cosmical, physical, biological, intellectual, moral, social, and historical, which cannot be ignored nor agnosticismised (if it be permitted to coin the word), and then he

would consider fairly and without prejudice, whether the Christian or the non-Christian explanation be, on the whole, more probable, as giving the more satisfactory explanation of the larger number of the unquestionable facts. Instead of this, we shall find that the method universally pursued is to grasp eagerly at any hypothesis, however absurd or however unsupported by reason or analogy, which may afford a temporary refuge from the overpowering evidence for the truth of Christianity, and to point to such discovery as if it were a refutation of Christianity itself. This is not to act the part of a philosopher inquiring for truth, nor of the Agnostic calling himself a neutral, but to act as the pledged and interested advocate against Christianity.

Agnosticism is a newly invented word meaning "ignorance." It is the designation of the new belief that there is no belief—nothing beyond the senses nor behind nature—that there exists nothing which cannot be tested by observation and experiment. It implies that even though God may exist we have no faculties to apprehend God, and that there is no possible sign or evidence by which God could bring Himself within reach of our faculties. They say, "All knowledge comes from the senses. God is a spirit, therefore God cannot be known. If so, what is the use of our spending our time and wasting our thoughts on the unknowable, the undiscoverable, the inconceivable?"

Let us beware of the ambiguities of language. There is a sense in which God cannot be known. We cannot know *everything* about God. Nay, the wisest man can find out very little respecting God, and can understand few of the ways of God. This is true and most important to remember. But it is a very different thing to say that man can know *nothing whatever* of God.

If Agnosticism be understood to mean that God is not known, and never can be known, and if this be alleged as a sufficient answer to every argument drawn from the marks of design in nature, from the universal consent of mankind, from the unsatisfied aspirations of man's heart, from the moral nature of man, as well as from the special evidences of Christianity as a supernatural religion, we reply that this question is not to be dismissed by any method so absolute and so dogmatic. Agnosticism of religion is the infallibility of science. Agnosticism of science is the infallibility of religion. It expresses not so much a reasonable, well-founded conviction as a scientific prejudice—an obstinate determination not even to look into the question or to listen to what may

be said in favour of it. It shows not a reasonable conviction, but a dominant habit and an unphilosophical temper, which would dismiss the whole subject of natural and revealed religion as unworthy of the serious consideration of sensible men. The infallibility of free thought is no better than the infallibility of Ultramontanism. Both equally refuse to examine what may be said on the other side. The one says, "I dare not;" the other says, "I cannot." In both cases the result is the same—*Agnosticism*.

The Agnosticism which assumes that nothing can be known which does not come through the senses and can be judged by material tests, and therefore that religion cannot be true, is illogical, because it takes for granted that which ought to be proved. It is unphilosophical because it fixes an arbitrary limit to the capacities of mankind, as if what cannot be known now can never be known hereafter. It is unbecoming because it pronounces the prolonged investigations and deliberate judgments of the most accurate and profound thinkers of all ages to be no better than idle waste of time and thought. It is unnatural because it sets itself against the universal sentiment of mankind, and condemns without inquiry and without reasonable excuse the most generally accepted of all the conclusions of human thought in all times and countries. It is inconclusive because it sets aside the commonly accepted method of accounting for the origin of the universe and many of the most important facts in the history of the world and of mankind, both before and since the introduction of the Christian religion, without giving any other equally probable account of phenomena which must be explained in some way as well by the Agnostic as by the Christian philosopher.

It is not difficult to account for the growth and popularity of Agnosticism. Science is popular, and Agnosticism professes to be scientific. It has been invented by men who have made great discoveries in their own department of knowledge, who are also conscious of the evergrowing expanse of this vast, illimitable field, and of the very small part which they can personally explore. They are every day compelled to pass by many things which they would desire to investigate. They would say, "We must be *agnostic* of many things if we would know any one thing well. We choose to be *agnostic* of religion. Religion is mere metaphysics; science has lived long enough as the bond-slave of religion. Having vindicated her freedom at a great cost, she is resolved to continue free from theological shackles and from the penalties and disabilities which theologians are always eager to inflict on all who will not bow to their authority."

We must admit the independence of science as well as the independence of religion. Nay, more; we must be ready on all occasions to defend this independence. We must feel no jealousy of the progress of science—nay, let us claim our share in her triumphs, and show in how many directions they have cleared away difficulties from the path of the Christian advocate, and how many confirmations they have brought to the truths of Scripture.

At the same time we cannot concede that

scientific tests, appealing to the senses, and capable of being verified by experiment, are the *only* evidences of truth. Nor can we concede that religion is simply a department of science, having no higher claim to the allegiance of mankind than any unknown province in the illimitable world of science has on the physical philosopher whose studies have drawn him in an entirely different direction. We cannot consent to any definition of religion in terms of science, nor to any limitation of its sphere within the boundaries of science, nor to any final decision of its claims by merely scientific tests. Religion and science have common ground. So far as both profess to give an account of the origin of things, the theory of creation by an Intelligent Author is still more probable than any other which science has offered in its stead. But the aspect of those truths which is most important in the eye of science is in the eye of religion the least important. The information given in the Scriptures is not given for the sake of knowledge, but to show the relation between God and man, with a view to the moral and practical duties which flow from believing them.

Agnostic philosophers regard religion in no other way than as a philosophical theory to account for the origin and the structure of the physical world. If this were all, they might have some reason to complain of the dogmatism of believers, who contend so earnestly for what is regarded by the other side as no more than "the rival theory of a Creator," or an obsolete and unscientific method to account for cosmical phenomena so far removed from the condition in which we live, and from the lessons which we learn by daily observation and experiment. But the words of Revelation (though reconcileable with science) are only remotely and indirectly related to science. It was not the primary object of Revelation to declare to man anything which he could find out by his own faculties. As was said in the time of Galileo, Scripture was written not to tell us how the heavens move, but to tell man the way from earth to Heaven.

All the phenomena which form the foundation of religion, and are common to science and religion, are not revealed simply in order to tell us how the universe came into existence, and how it is preserved, but to show how the God, whom Christians address as "Our Father in Heaven," had made provision for His children before man was made in the image and likeness of God and brought into the world which had been so munificently furnished for his reception. God is not revealed in Scripture as an impersonal *First Cause*, but as the Creator of all things, specially of man, as the Moral Governor of mankind; or, in the words of Scripture, "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." These truths appeal to the conscience, the affections, and the will, as well as to the understanding. They are designed and they are eminently calculated to influence the conduct and to dominate the whole life of man. This Revelation directly and immediately puts those persons to whom it has come into a state of probation and discipline, and invests the moral



law of man's nature with the authority of the Supreme Governor and Judge.

The *First Cause* of all things has been revealed in Scripture because God is the Personal Governor of the universe and of mankind, and because men's duties to God follow by the directest inference from this personal relationship. Hence it is that religion is one of those practical matters in which neutrality is impossible, because every man's life will decide whether he is living with or without God in the world. To think that the whole claims of religion have been satisfied when we have admitted the existence of a Creator of all things, without any care for the duties which flow from the Scriptural account of this great truth, is as great a mistake as to suppose that the duty of the children of a family to their father was satisfied by the theoretical acknowledgment of the fact of his fatherhood without any further thought of what they owed to him, and how these obligations ought to affect their conduct in all the relations of domestic life. Nothing could be shallower or more at variance with the plainest facts than such an estimate of religion. Religion is not simply an inquiry into the origin of the universe and into the early history of the world and of mankind. It is not simply a choice of alternatives—the work of a Creator, or evolution from the primitive conditions of matter and force—but it involves an almost countless multiplicity of considerations extending along the whole line of man's history—the origin of life, of reason, of conscience, of language; the origin and universal acceptance of religion from the earliest to the latest times, the origin and growth of civilisation, the primitive traditions of mankind, the records of ancient nations, the various evidences of revelation, the history of the world—especially of the Jews—and its strange, unparalleled correspondence with undoubted prophecies of very ancient date; the origin of Christianity, either with or without miracles; the life and the character of Christ, whether divine or human; His death, and the general belief from the earliest times of His resurrection; the diffusion, triumph, and permanence of the Christian religion; the acceptance throughout Christendom, and the belief at the present day, of the facts recorded in the New Testament, and the interpretation of these facts, which was proclaimed by the Apostles; the acceptance through all the world of the Christian morality; the belief in Christianity on intellectual and on moral grounds by many of the greatest and most independent thinkers of every age and country; the duty incumbent on those who would destroy it of providing something to take its place, as a foundation of morality, a rule of life, and a standard of duty; the testimony of thousands of every generation of Christians; the power which belief in the truths of Christianity has given them to resist temptation, to overcome sorrow, and to give peace and happiness under the most critical and the most painful exigencies of life.

Surely it is not reasonable to treat all these considerations as if they were of no weight whatever, under the plea of an Agnosticism which, professing to be neutral, accepts the slightest

presumption against Christianity, and refuses even to listen to anything, however strong, which may be urged in its favour.

But when we come to inquire more closely into the ground of this confidence, and ask what is the actual verdict of science on this question of the origin of the universe, we find that there is nothing to justify the assumption of Agnosticism. Far from it. The utmost point to which any physical philosopher has been able to go, in giving any other account of the origin of things than that they are the work of an Intelligent Creator, is to ask his friends to suspend their judgment for further evidence, and that hereafter perhaps it may be found that the old theory of a Creator of all things may not be *scientifically indispensable*. In the same way Mr. J. Stuart Mill has declared the dogmatism of unbelief to be as illogical, and far more inconsistent, than the dogmatism of faith. But while the Agnostic must admit that atheism has not been demonstrated, and is incapable of demonstration, that the verdict of science is, "Not proven," and her advice, "Suspended judgment," he treats every thing that can be said in favour of religion as if he had demonstrated it to be false. Nothing could be more illogical than this, nothing more unscientific, nothing more unbecoming, nothing more unnatural. It would be interesting to examine this newest form of unbelief, or rather this latest apology for scientific infallibility, under these four heads. They would form so many illustrations of the *Fallacies of Agnosticism*.

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**Dr. Johnson and the Translation of the Scriptures.**—The following extract from a letter of Dr. Johnson to his friend, Mr. William Drummond, will be read with interest, in view of the appearance of the Revised Version:—

"Johnson's Court, Fleet Street,  
"Aug. 13th, 1766.

"SIR,—I did not expect to hear that it could be, in an assembly convened for the propagation of Christian knowledge, a question whether any nation uninstructed in religion should receive instruction; or whether that instruction should be imparted to them by a translation of the Holy Books into their own language. If obedience to the will of God be necessary to happiness, and knowledge of His will be necessary to obedience, I know not how he who withholds this knowledge, or delays it, can be said to love his neighbour as himself. He who voluntarily continues ignorance is guilty of all the crimes which ignorance produces; as to him who should extinguish the tapers of a lighthouse might justly be imputed the calamities of shipwrecks. Christianity is the perfection of humanity; and as no man is good but as he wishes the good of others, no man can be good in the highest degree who wishes not to others the largest measure of the greatest good."

**Dr. Johnson and the Royal Academy.**—Writing to his friend, Mr. Baretti, at Milan, in 1761, the great man thus refers to the recently instituted Royal Academy:—"The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, as I am told, of foreign academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators. I imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and lovers of arts. Surely life, if it is not long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time—of that time which never can return." What would the worthy Doctor say now could he witness these annual gatherings!



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THE ITINERANT PORTRAIT TAKER.

## HENRY SMART.\*

BY WILLIAM DIGBY SEYMOUR, Q.C., LL.D.



ENGLISH literature is rich in biographies. We have lives of statesmen, divines, lawyers, physicians, poets, painters, and men eminent in every branch of science, literature, and art. But where are the musicians? There is scarcely a book we can name. It is not so in the literature of other lands. Foreigners, especially French and Germans, are often producing biographies, many of them elaborate, of composers and performers, even during their lifetime. But in England a brief obituary notice, or a page in Dr. Grove's Dictionary, is all that is recorded. We would like to know more of men like Purcell and Boyce, and Tallis, Gibbons, and Croft. Not to mention other older musicians, are men like Sir Sterndale Bennett, Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Sir John Goss, to have no biographies? This "Life of Henry Smart," by Dr. Spark, comes to us almost as a novelty in English literature. We hope it may be so received as to lead the way in a department of biography too little regarded, and that we may have books to tell us something of the lives and works of the musical geniuses of our country.

A very "child of song," for he was the son and grandson of gifted musicians, Henry Smart was born in London in October, 1813. He exhibited in his earliest years a passionate devotion to the mysteries of tune and rhythm. At the age of ten he played the piano with skill, and was already an inquisitive student of the rudiments of harmony, but select pieces for children did not satisfy the yearning of the youthful composer, and ere long, when sent to practise, he ventured to extemporise.

In his hours of idleness he was fond of rambling through the workshops of the Messrs. Robson, the famous organ-builders of St. Martin's Lane, and trying his skill on their instruments. Here the fatherless boy attracted the attention of Mr. Neild, organist of All Souls', Langham Place, and by that kind old gentleman's permission he crept to his organ-loft on Sunday mornings, and was, after a time, allowed to take some small part in the church musical service.

But music was not the only field in which young Henry Smart exhibited his rare intellectual powers. He was a mechanic from the cradle, and soon began to divide his leisure time between Robson's, the organ builders, and Maudsley's, the engineers. A roll of drawings by the self-taught

artist so raised the hopes of his friends that at one time it was seriously proposed to apprentice him to a civil engineer. Difficulties of a financial kind, however, stood in the way, and, other influences prevailing, the lad was sent to a school on Highgate Hill, and there he pursued his studies with assiduity and success. Soon again the momentous question arose, the choice of a profession; and with a strange indifference to the boy's wishes and tastes, his mother's family, who looked with prejudice against music as a livelihood, persuaded her to article her talented son to a young London attorney!

After a few years of apprenticeship to the lawyer, during which he learned more of billiard-playing than law, "the governor" one morning disappeared, after assigning young Smart's articles to a better man than himself. "Some knowledge of law, however," writes Dr. Spark, "his pupil had acquired in the course of four years, and this sufficed to show him that the assignment was informal, not having been properly witnessed, and greatly to his poor mother's dismay, but his own triumph, he exclaimed, "I took up law to please my relations, and now I'll leave it to please myself!"

His decision for life was now taken, and gladly flinging aside his "Chitty" and his "Tidd," he was soon in the quiet of his humble chamber mastering the glorious works of John Sebastian Bach. Here, and still but a boy, he composed the exquisite air, "When Man's Day Dreams are over," and here the charming "Ecco quel fiero istante" was embodied into the melody which still keeps its honoured place in the portfolio of "Cramer's."

Accompanying his mother on her frequent visits to Yarmouth, young Smart obtained access to the grand old organ at the parish church of the bloater-famed borough, and to another rich and mellow though smaller one at St. George's Chapel. "By the time he was eighteen," says Dr. Spark, "he had already become more than an average player, and his growing knowledge of orchestral effect enabled him to make some of those wonderful combinations for which he afterwards became famous. The grand St. Nicholas organ, however, had no composition pedals, and Henry Smart never rested till he had obtained leave from the mayor and corporation of that right radical borough to supply the deficiency. How he persuaded them to trust the matter to him, or to furnish him with what he required, no one ever knew, but he shut himself up with his carpenters and his materials, and in a short time gave such a

\* "Henry Smart: his Life and Works." By William Spark, Mus. Doc. T.C.D., Organist of the Town Hall, Leeds. London: William Reeves, Fleet Street.

performance on the old organ as the delighted ears of Yarmouth never heard before."

Smart had not reached his twentieth year when he was appointed organist of the parish church of Blackburn, Lancashire, and thenceforward he may be said to have started alone to make his own way in the world. Here he soon became appreciated for his genius, and popular with all classes for his liberal conduct. He did not confine his tuneful powers to the Church of England. The Roman Catholic clergy enlisted his services for their high festivals, and the beautiful hymn-tune of "Lancashire" was written for a Nonconformist Missionary Meeting.

In 1835, at the request of the vicar, Dr. Whitaker, he composed his first important work—an anthem for the Tercentenary Commemoration of the Reformation—dedicated by permission to Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The success of this fine anthem was followed by his appointment as organist successively of St. Philip's, Regent Street, of St. Luke's, Old Street, City (a position he held for twenty-one years), and of St. Pancras, Euston Road, the competition for the last of which took place in Cripplegate Church, the judges being Messrs. Turle, Topliff, and Goss.

Soon after his promotion to St. Luke's a more potent influence even than the symphonies of Beethoven disturbed the soul of the composer. Henry Smart fell in love, and in July, 1840, was married to the excellent lady whose courage and devotion sustained him through all the vicissitudes of life—was the light of his eyes, when blindness overtook him at the age of 51, for, like Milton, he too "sang darkling"—and whose gentle hands smoothed his dying pillow.

Henceforth, to trace the career of Smart is to name the manifold creations of his genius—operas, church music, anthems, cantatas, part-songs, trios and terzettos, vocal duets, songs grave or gay, form a musical library the extent of which will be at once appreciated when we state that the list of his published works alone, chiefly compiled from the musical catalogue of the British Museum, occupies twenty pages of Dr. Spark's book, and, at an average of twenty for each page, reaches the extraordinary number of 400 separate compositions!

But his fame chiefly rests on his contributions to church music, undertaken somewhat late in life, with a judgment instructed and matured by a wide and varied experience. To qualify himself for his task, he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the works of Purcell, Gibbons, Tallis, Croft, and other great and venerable names.

The style of these old masters was always his favourite theme of praise, admiring, as he passionately did, the strength and purity of their harmonies, their simplicity and earnestness of manner, and, above all, their true devotional feeling.

Copious selections of this music are given in Dr. Spark's book, one of the main attractions of which is the numerous and well-chosen illustrations of this and other works of Smart, which will be found profusely incorporated in his interesting volume.

A visit of Smart to St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, in company with Dr. Spark, during one of Professor Hullah's concerts, where the programme of instrumentalists was relieved by the choir singing two well known part-songs, which elicited a hearty *encore*, led to Smart forming a resolution, in which he was warmly encouraged by his friend, that he would try his hand in a similar direction. "You think they are fine, do you?" said he. "They are certainly pretty little compositions, but nothing more. I think I can do better." And he did.

The "Ave Maria" and "The Shepherd's Farewell" were sung within the same walls, and received with hearty and merited applause. The whole musical world hailed with delight the delicacy, the pureness, the harmony of those enchanting compositions.

"The Cradle Song," so often produced with such thrilling effect by Henry Leslie's celebrated choir, "The Curfew," "Stars of the Summer Night," and that "little pet of the sweetest and yet most passionate character," in which the quaint beauty of Sidney's poetry was wedded to appropriate music, "My true Love hath my Heart," followed in rapid succession. Each fresh composition was crowned with a new success, and such was his diversity of power, and his desire to please a public ear he had now completely won, that Smart has left behind him no less than one hundred part-songs, graceful in their melody, and exquisite in their finish.

His "Trios and Terzettos," amounting to no less than forty, exhibit a freedom, fancy, and ingenuity well known to vocalists and teachers of singing. He produced fifty "Vocal Duets," not one of which seems to have been carelessly or indifferently written. His "Sacred Duets," two of which were special favourites of the composer—"Faint not, fear not," and "Where the Weary are at rest"—exhibit a devotional tenderness, a flowing sweetness, a graceful but reverent simplicity, the charm of which has rarely been surpassed.

It is scarcely credible, but nevertheless a startling fact, that Smart's published "songs" amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-seven! Yet every one of them bears the marks of thoughtful labour and artistic finish; each is a study in itself, the melody, harmony, and accompaniment being always treated in a refined and scholarly manner. "Estelle," composed in 1839 for Miss Dolby, then in her prime of voice and zenith of popularity, is one of the grandest songs ever written by an Englishman; and "The Fairy's Whisper," composed for Madame Laura Baxter, and sung by her with that unrivalled voice which once captivated London concert-halls, and still preserves most of its ancient richness and power, is a gem of matchless brilliancy; but perhaps Smart's finest inspiration is his exquisite and expressive rendering of Mr. W. H. Bellamy's beautiful poem, "The Abbess."

The lines, though occasionally irregular and halting in rhythm, deserve, with the lovely music, a wider popularity than they have attained.

"Through the chapel window  
Streams the slowly-setting sun,



And the abess at the organ,  
 She is sitting there alone.  
 Carelessly her fingers  
 Wander o'er the keys,  
 Dreamily she wakens  
 Their hidden harmonies.

The 'Vesper Hymn,' the 'Sanctus,'  
 'Nunc Dimittis,' now she plays,  
 But her thoughts! ah, they are straying  
 To her childhood's early days!  
 The strain becomes more tender  
 As those memories thickly come,  
 Till at last it echoes fondly,  
 'Home! sweet home!'

The manner in which Smart introduces the familiar melody, "Home! Sweet Home!" is most touching, as any of our musical readers opening Dr. Spark's book at page 111 will readily appreciate.

Another composition, worthy of Mendelssohn in its peculiar depth and soul-stirring pathos, is the song, "Dropping down the troubled River," the words of which, from the pen of Dr. Bonar, made a deep impression on Smart, who, in the closing hours of his life, loved to hear them sung.

"Dropping down the troubled river  
 To the tranquil shore;  
 Dropping down the misty river—  
 Time's willow-shaded river,—  
 To the spring-embosomed shore;  
 Where the sweet light shineth ever,  
 And the sun goes down no more.  
 O wondrous, wondrous shore!"

High as is the reputation of Henry Smart in the art of musical composition, any record of his life and works would be imperfect which did not do justice to his merits as one of the most skilful and successful organ-constructors of modern times.

The three principal organs he was chiefly instrumental in designing were the great instruments in the City Hall, Glasgow, the Town Hall, Leeds, and St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. The grand instrument at Leeds is a masterpiece of construction, and a scientific embodiment of all the best discoveries of modern organ-building.

A workman to the last, the blind old man accepted in 1878 the invitation of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, to examine their venerable organ and decide whether it was worthy to keep its place in the magnificent edifice, which the princely munificence of Mr. Henry Roe had transmuted from a dingy ruin into a gorgeous temple. Though already the hand of death was upon him, Smart grasped every detail, examined the organ with minutest care, and composed a report that remains a lasting monument of his musical judgment, ability, and taste.

On his journey home from Ireland he occupied himself in dictating his last touches of an anthem he was writing for the London Church Choir Annual Festival. On the rolling organ of St. Paul's, with the hushed admiration of a devout and listening congregation, the anthem was soon after played, but the swelling voices of the tuneful choir could not reach the couch of sickness where the author of that glorious music lay. He was on his death-bed, but in the intervals of pain the exquisite words set to his own undying music seemed to fill the air,—

"Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!"

On July 6th, 1879, at the age of sixty-seven, Henry Smart breathed his last. Only a few months previously an annuity of £100 had been, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield, granted from the Civil List, in recognition of his services to music. He was buried at Hampstead Cemetery.

One of the foremost among the ranks of living English musicians, Dr. Spark had already done much to elevate his profession and nourish the growing taste for pure organ music in England, but we venture to think he has done a still more effective service to the cause he loves by writing a book which is at once an interesting memoir of the life of a self-made man, and a critical review of the works of one of our greatest English composers.

**Englishmen of the Old Type Contrasted with the "Parvenu."**—A recent writer has sketched the contrast between these two characters, not being aware how admirably the same thing had been done, and including the families of the old and new type, by Washington Irving, in his charming story, "Bracebridge Hall." "We all know the character which has made the name of an English gentleman famous and respected throughout the world. Quiet in the consciousness of his own strength, self-possessed in the sense of his own dignity, he does not think it necessary to establish a reputation for courage by quarrelling with his neighbours; he makes no display of his grandeur to dazzle the vulgar; simple, unaffected, and straightforward, he is content that he should be judged by his own worth and not by the standard of the opinions of others; he commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he deals by the quality of his conduct and not by the loudness of his self-assertion. That was once the solid and trustworthy disposition which formed the material of English public life, and gave a healthy tone to the old traditions of English statesmanship. But there is a very different character with which we are unfortunately also familiar—the fussy, pushing, brawling, blatant fellow, self-asserting because distrustful of his own merit; always on the watch to catch the applause of others; terribly afraid lest his neighbour should have a larger house or finer equipage than himself; bragging to persuade himself of his own greatness; bullying to convince the world of his valour; addicted to cheap ornament and stucco decoration; stingy in domestic comfort and family benevolence at home; profuse abroad in tawdry display, and lavish in gaudy ostentation; his pride is to cut a dash, his ambition is to hear some yokel exclaim, 'What a smart fellow he is!' We all know the man—we have suffered under him—swaggering, boastful, empty-pated, quarrelsome, the laughing-stock of his neighbours, and the common nuisance of the countryside."



## THE HEAD-GEAR OF MANY LANDS.

II.



THE history of head-gear presents many strange anomalies. It would not be difficult to prove that in most savage, or very partially-civilised countries, and contrary to all civilised experience, it is chiefly the lords of creation, and not their helpmeets, who indulge in wild and eccentric inventions for the supposed adornment of their heads. The reason is not far to seek. In a considerable number of such countries the larger proportion of the women are little better than slaves and beasts of burden, whose hard life leaves them little opportunity for cultivating the frivolities of native fashion. Meantime their lords have ample leisure, and whether from mere vanity or for ceremonial or warlike purposes, spend no little of their time in such adornment. To this general statement there are, of course, many exceptions, some of which are presented in the accompanying illustrations.

When, however, we come to civilised countries, the men gracefully retire into the background, while the women come to the fore. The men crop their hair short, and wear it in the simplest manner; their head-coverings are plain to simplicity, and even absolute ugliness. But the ladies, who take their proper place in the social scale, make up for all deficiencies by the adoption of every variety of fanciful design, whether in the arrangement of their luxuriant hair or in the head-coverings they wear for use and ornament. And here we see the all-powerful influence of fashion which impartially adopts the sensible or absurd one year, and utterly rejects both a year or two afterwards for some new mode, in its turn to be as ruthlessly thrown aside. An old fashion in hats or bonnets is looked upon as an absurdity, and its wearer quite a "fright." Yet, fair reader, that same hat was once considered a "sweet love" of a thing, and a "perfect beauty"—perhaps by yourself!

How strange are the variations of fashion! Fiery-red hair was greatly admired among the Roman ladies\* ever after the conquests in Gaul and Germany, where hair of that colour was almost universal. In these later days it has not been anything like so popular. Caustic soaps and dyes were much in vogue among the Roman ladies for the purpose of changing dark hair to the desired shade. The simplest, and in Rome's best days the most common, head-dress was merely a roll-

ing together of the whole hair upon the top of the head, either with or without a previous division of it into two great locks. The hair thus dressed was held together in general by a narrow band. This simple method of arranging the hair was particularly convenient for the wearers of garlands, and therefore was in use among the Greeks also, who, indeed, never failed to reconcile the utmost elegance with the utmost plainness. The great and unchanging model of the married Roman ladies, or matrons, however, was always to be found in the vestals, who wore an open veil, which was fastened on the head and fell down on the shoulders. To this simple adornment fashion by degrees added much. It became the mode to weave the hair with pearls after the Oriental style at one time, at another to crown it with lotus leaves, feathers, and so forth. Ovid confesses that it would be easier for him to enumerate the acorns upon a huge oak than to count up all the Roman ladies' head-dresses of his day. He, however, speaks of no less than eight main divisions of the subject. To long-faced ladies he recommends the method of combing it flat off the head and curling it over the ears; to the round-faced he commends the mode of combing the hair entirely up from the ears, and curling it upon the top of the head. In both he is only enunciating a simple principle in art—that a countenance is beautiful in proportion as it approaches the oval form.

In the matter of cosmetics the Roman ladies of rank were most extravagant. Lucian said of them, "They lavish the whole substance of their husbands upon the hair, so that all Arabia seems to breathe from the locks of one of them." Costly pard-oil and Oriental essences were brought to Rome at great expense; two articles of Indian produce, the root of the plant *Kostum* and the leaf of the spikenard, were the principal and most expensive ingredients in these salve oils, of which not less than twenty-five are enumerated in the work of Crito, an ancient physician. Greek historians tell us that the queens of Persia had the revenues of great cities and provinces set apart for their *salve-money*! So with the Hebrew ladies, before their hair received its final arrangement from the hands of the serving-maid, it was held open and dishevelled to receive the fumes of frankincense, aloes-wood, myrrh, cassia, and many other odorous woods, gums, and balsams of India, Arabia, and Palestine. An ordinance of the Talmud directs that the bridegroom shall set apart one-tenth of the income which the bride brings him for the purchase of perfumes, essences, and oils.

\* In our Elizabeth's reign there was a temporary rage for red hair, the mode being set by the queen. The Virgin Queen possessed, it is said, eighty wigs of various hues.

The Hebrew ladies wore three principal forms of head-dress. The first was really a network cap, made of fine wool or cotton, and worked with coloured flowers. The meshes of the net were sometimes of gold thread, while the rim was often studded with jewellery or pearls. The second was a turban, constructed in this manner. First of all, one or more caps, in the forms of a half-oval, such as are still to be seen upon the monuments of Egyptian and Persepolitan art, were fastened round the head by a ribbon or fillet tied behind. This was of cotton or leather, and sometimes of metal, and in all cases was ornamented. Round this white or glittering ground bright or embroidered ribbons were carried in snaky windings. The third was a helmet, adorned pretty nearly as the turban, having long tails or tassels depending behind, and flowing loosely between the shoulders. According to the Oriental taste for perfumes, all the ribbons or fillets used were previously steeped in sweet-scented essences. Finally, in connection with the turban, and often with the veil, was a beautiful ornament for the forehead and the face. Round the brow ran a bandeau, or tiara of gold or silver, three fingers' breadth, and usually set with jewels or pearls. From this, at each of the temples, depended a chain of pearls or of coral, which, following the margin of the cheeks, either hung loose or united below the chin. The simpler earring, of innumerable forms, was common to nearly all the nations of antiquity, and still retains its popularity.

The vagaries of female costume have already been fully treated in these pages; but, coming to modern times, no absurdities of fashion in head-gear ever perpetrated by any people have exceeded those of the eighteenth century in England, France, and other European countries. By degrees the hair, true and false, had added to it an actual tower of tow, rags, ribbons, feathers, flowers, jewellery, pearls, powder, and pomatum. So enormous were these "heads" that ladies of quality had actually to go down on their knees in their own carriages, or put their towers—oddly enough termed *commodes*—out of the window. An addition of two to three feet to the height was considered nothing by the ladies, whose husbands looked like dwarfs by their sides. The doors of a French palace were forced to be both heightened and widened to admit the tall towers and expanded hoops of the ladies of the court. The turbans and bonnets of this epoch were equally extravagant. A caricature of 1778 shows two servants on the top of a step-ladder placed behind their mistress and piling up one of these erections on her head till she is at least ten feet high. At such a period the professors of hair-dressing were regarded as artists indeed, and many of them became wealthy and distinguished.

When we read of these absurdities of fashion in highly civilised countries we can pardon the oddities and vagaries of simpler peoples. Some of those presented in the illustrations are obviously for practical use. The enormous straw hat, as large as a parasol, worn by the Dyak young lady, is not larger than some worn in France, or very different in form, at the latter part of the last

century, and which often had an erection of something like the same shape reversed on their tops, presenting the form of a highly-flattened hour-glass, usually with feathers surmounting the whole. The Dyak hat is actually sensible, for Borneo is an excessively hot country, and it takes the place of an umbrella to shield from the sun's rays. The "Merveilleuse," a female costume in vogue in the days of the French Revolution, included a hat quite as large, but extending chiefly in front of the head. This was accompanied by the most meagre of thin skirts, making the *ensemble* ridiculously absurd, and scarcely decent to modern eyes.

Some of the head-dresses still worn in France, Sicily, and Italy, recall the days of our early queens, the form being almost identical. Take the Normandy peasant, an example sketched at St. Vallery en Caux. Many of our readers will, no doubt, at Dieppe, Rouen, Havre, or the country between and surrounding those cities, have noticed such head-gear, usually in simpler form. With the gauzy veil or fall, depending gracefully over the shoulders, it is a pleasing and almost queenly head-dress. So much cannot be said for the peaked hat with gigantic veil of the Algerian Jewess, and which is only worn by married women. And yet an almost identical fashion was common among great ladies in the days of the Plantagenets. Strangely enough the erection, almost entirely of plastered hair, worn by the Gaboon women is in form as nearly as possible that of another head-dress of the same period. This African mode of making up the hair with plaster reminds us too of the "towers" of the last century in our own country and France, the only difference being that mud and oil are employed in place of pomatum and plaster. The Manyéma girl is an example. Cameron tells us, in "Across Africa," that in many instances their hair was worked into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet, deeply shading the face, whilst long ringlets flowed down their backs. "But some despising the bonnet, or more confident of their charms, drew their hair off their foreheads, and tied it together at the nape of the neck, letting it fall behind in tresses." Another tribe of Central Africa, the Lovale people, were found adopting similar fashions, their hair being often plastered together in a pattern resembling a hat. In some cases it was brought down on both sides of the cheeks and under the chin, and stiffly plastered with clay. The face seemed to be peering through a rigid box, or might be regarded as a framed portrait.

Whilst speaking of African ladies we must not forget the picturesque type described by Dr. Livingstone in his "Missionary Travels." The people of Londa are slenderer and more graceful in form than most Africans, their faces more oval, and their colour only a light olive. The mode of dressing the great masses of woolly hair which lay upon their shoulders reminded Livingstone of the ancient Egyptians. Several were observed "with the upward inclination of the outer angles of the eyes, but this was not general. A few of the ladies adopt a curious custom of attaching the hair to a hoop which encircles the head, giving it some-



1. Monbutto (Central Africa). 2. Calabrian Woman. 3. Norman Peasant. 4. Normandy Nun. 5. Algerine Jewess. 6. Tartar Woman.  
7. Egyptian. 8. Italian Head-dress. 9. Savonian Pig-tails. 10. Belgian Girl. 11. Native of the Gaboon. 12. Stavanger (Norway). 13. Cashmere.  
14. Manyuema (Central Africa). 15. Dyak Straw Hat. 16. Sicilian Lady Superior. 17. Persian Face-covering. 18. Mézière (Central France).  
19. Boulogne Fishwoman. 20. Londra Chief. 21. Greenland Chignon.



what the appearance of the glory round the head of the Virgin." Coming nearer home, it is curious to note something similar in the thick nimbus of white cambric encircling the heads of the Boulogne fishwives. Other African women wear an ornament of woven hair and hide adorned with beads. The hair of the tail of buffaloes is sometimes added, and a horn, or sometimes two horns, made of hide, and woven with the hair, is a fashionable mode among the Londa ladies.

Dr. Schweinfurth noted the same kind of "glory" as that just described among the natives of Keefa, another Central African tribe. The Monbutto woman, from the same authority, with her tall erection of reeds and feathers, was a wife of King Munza, the cannibal king described in the previous article.

We have seen that it was common enough for ladies to mask the face in public, up to a late period in English history. The Egyptian woman, with her hideous facial covering and dark veil—

one of Mr. Simpson's "Picturesque People"—only adopts a custom more or less in vogue in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and other Oriental countries, but of which mode there are indications of a decline.

The "towers," sometimes of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, just described, are but modestly imitated by the old lady of Mézenc, who is in her Sunday clothes—*endimanchée*, as the French say, having coined a word for the purpose. After the many absurdities recorded, one need hardly smile at the double tails of the Suabian young lady, although our risible faculties may pardonably be excited by the snaky, twisted ropes of hair, which are considered *à la mode* in Cashmere, and are, no doubt, beautiful to those who can see them in that light. While, lastly, the unobtrusive tow chignon of the Greenland *belle* will be forgiven by many of our fair readers whose consciences would hardly acquit them of having, not so very long ago, adopted something hardly more sensible and not very different.

## CURIOSITIES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

### III.—PRISONERS.

**T**IS somewhat difficult to believe that in this peaceable and respectable country of England there were, during last year, no fewer than 150,670 offenders against the law, committed by the several courts of justice to prison for their offences, and that we had every day in our gaols an average number of about 20,000 men and women, more or less deeply steeped in crime. Of this large number about 3,500 were women, and 16,500 men, and of the males 32 per cent. were under 12 years of age, 3.38 between 12 and 16, and 3.181 between 16 and 21, while, of the entire number, no less than 58 per cent. were under 30!

This large criminal class is naturally divided into "first offenders" and "habitual criminals"—two-thirds of the number being of the first, and one-third of the latter class. This proportion, however, exists amongst the males alone, and amongst females considerably more than one-half have been convicted many times—in one particular day of last year 5,568 women in custody, had each been convicted of previous offences *more than ten different times!* Women, therefore, appear to be less reclaimable than men, for whilst the number of men convicted diminishes after 30 years of age by nearly one-half, the proportion amongst women continues almost the same to any ordinary age.

It is somewhat interesting to observe the demeanour of this criminal class, as exhibited by its different members during trial and after conviction, and that the general public are so interested may be inferred from the fact that no question is more frequently asked by outsiders of those who have

been present at the trial of a prisoner than, "How did he behave himself?" And truly, when we consider the awfulness of a trial to the party chiefly concerned in it, and the serious consequences involved in the verdict, the behaviour of the prisoner during the ordeal is not simply a subject of idle or morbid curiosity, but is valuable from moral and psychological points of view. The general answer to the above inquiry, so far as we have heard it given, and which has not been very unfrequent, is, "Very well, indeed;" and to the remaining question, "How did he take his sentence?" the almost universal reply is, "He didn't seem to care for it a bit."

Now, are the majority of prisoners thus stoical in matters affecting their character, liberty; or life, or is their behaviour put on, and used as a cloak to their real feelings? In almost every instance a prisoner during trial is very different in his behaviour to what he was before, and probably will be after; he is more subdued and quiet, and rarely exhibits indecency or levity—there are exceptions, of course, but this is the very general rule. In many cases we do not doubt that the low mental organisation of the prisoner, and the absence of any feeling of shame or degradation, is quite sufficient to account for the apathy exhibited. We have seen many men and women in the dock, who, during the whole of their trial, stood carelessly leaning over the "bar," with a broad, meaningless grin on their face, laughing when the audience laughed—and often when they did not—and, apparently, the most indifferent individuals in court. Some of these have carried this indifference into their prisons, and have gone through their punish-

ment as they underwent their trial, caring apparently no more for the one than the other.

As to exceptions from this, we have seen prisoners utterly break down upon the verdict being given, or upon the judgment being pronounced, especially where the crime was a serious one. We very well remember, for instance, a murder tried at York, in the spring of 1858, in which the prisoner, a young man named John Shepherd, appeared perfectly callous and unmoved, and only amused with the proceedings against him. The trial lasted two days, and the hardened demeanour was kept up to the last. He left the dock with a smile after sentence of death had been passed upon him, and was conveyed temporarily to a cell beneath the court, where, from our own particular position, we had a full view of him through a small aperture in the wall, he being entirely unaware that he was overlooked. We shall never forget the sudden change which came over the man when he imagined himself alone! Throwing himself upon a seat, he clenched his hands together until the bones seemed starting from the skin; large drops of sweat fell from his forehead, and his whole body was convulsed with suppressed agony. He actually fell to the floor in a moment or two, and writhed as if mortally wounded. We never want to see so terrible a sight again.

It is a very unusual thing to witness a prisoner in a repentant and broken-down condition during his trial, not even when every proof is clearly against him. During passing of judgment, however, such behaviour is not uncommon, followed not unfrequently by language betraying the sham, should the sentence be more severe than had been anticipated. Such sentences, addressed to the judge, as "Thank you, old man, you've done your worst"—"I can do that on my head!"—"O! you old villain," etc., are common enough; and when transportation was in vogue, the favourite expression was, "May you sit there till I come back, my lord," to which was frequently added, "and I'll bring you a parrot (or a ring-tailed monkey) to play with your children."

One adjunct to the punishment awarded, it may be mentioned, always appears to awaken the prisoner to an extreme sense of discomfort, and that is *flogging*. We have seen many a bold and defiant prisoner who has bullied gaoler, jury, witnesses, and the judge himself, and heard the many months' "imprisonment with hard labour" or sentence of penal servitude pronounced with indifference, assume the whine of the veriest coward upon the utterance of the dreaded words, "And that you do receive twenty-five lashes from an instrument commonly called a cat." We all remember the old anecdote of the judge who directed that the prisoner should be "flogged at the cart's tail from Westminster Hall to Charing Cross." "Thank you, my lord," interrupted the prisoner, "you've done your worst." "Not quite," replied the judge, "and back again." The late Justice Byles had a slow calm way of passing sentences of this sort, anything but pleasant, we should imagine, to the prisoner. "The sentence of the court is," we once heard him say at the Leeds Assizes to a garotter, "that you be kept in

penal servitude for five years." "Thank you, my lord," gaily shouted the culprit. "Now, pray, do not be in such a hurry, prisoner. I had not quite finished my observations. As I said before, the sentence of the court is that you be kept in penal servitude for five years, and *also* that you receive thirty lashes with an instrument commonly called a cat with nine tails." A groan and an anticipatory writhe was the only response from the dock.

Although a great deal has been said against flogging in gaols, its deterrent effect is indisputable. It is resorted to by no means so frequently as in past years. Last year 121 culprits were flogged—about 7 in the 1,000 of those convicted of personal violence. This is rather less than half the number flogged ten years since. The practice of allowing the other prisoners to witness the punishment has been for some years abolished.

One remarkable deception attempted at times by a prisoner is *insanity*; sometimes the fraud is carried out very clumsily, but occasionally so well as to deceive the custodians as well as the chaplain and surgeon of the prison. There was a case of burglary tried before the late Baron Alderson at Lewes, in which the prisoner attempted in this way to escape trial and probable punishment. He appeared at the bar with a cheerful countenance, slightly lolling his head from side to side, and rapidly repeating in a monotonous manner the words "Always a-talking, always a-talking, always a-talking." To extract a plea from him, or any attention at all, was out of the question. The gaol governor, surgeon, and chaplain were severally examined as to his real condition, and their evidence tending to show very strongly that the man was shamming, a plea of "Not Guilty" was entered for him. The trial proceeded, and lasted some four or five hours, during all of which time the prisoner did not cease his apparently insane observations. He was convicted and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, and left the dock with the same iteration, "Always a-talking, always a-talking." We subsequently received intelligence that after pursuing this conduct for two days, during which he had been subjected (ostensibly to cure his insanity) to much medicine, mustard poultices, blisters, and other equally pleasant experiences, upon hearing the surgeon prescribe a *second* blister to be applied to the back of his neck, from which a *first* had just been removed, he suddenly ceased his incessant repetition, leaped from his bed, and exclaimed, "Well, it's no good carrying on this game any longer. I won't stand any more of this precious treatment!"

Too much credit cannot be given to the governors and gaolers of our prisons for the clean and decent appearance which their charges present upon being put upon their trials. We can scarcely credit the accounts, true as they undoubtedly are, of the horrible condition of the "gaol birds" of former times. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for instance, until nearly the close of the last century, the prisoners for trial were all herded together in a vault in the basement of the castle-keep, and secured by chains to a pillar in the centre. There was no provision for health or

cleanliness of any description. The warders despoiled them at their entrance of any article of decent clothing they had, and they were actually exhibited to visitors every Sunday afternoon upon payment of twopence.

Incarcerated in this manner, fever and other diseases of a horrible character at times broke out, hurrying many to the grave; and the rest being dragged without any disinfecting to trial, the consequences were at times most fearful, both to judges, juries, and spectators. At Exeter, in 1610, the presiding judge, six of the jurymen, and twenty-five persons engaged in court, thus caught the "gaol fever" and died from its effects. In the courtyard of Oxford Castle is a tablet of white marble, thus describing a similar occurrence in that county:—

Near this Spot stood the ancient  
SHIRE HALL,  
unhappily famous in History as the Scene, in  
July, 1577  
of the BLACK ASSIZE,  
when a malignant disease, known as the Gaol Fever,  
caused the death, within forty days, of  
THE LORD CHIEF BARON (SIR ROBERT BELL),  
THE HIGH SHERIFF (SIR ROBERT D'OYLY  
of Merton),  
and about three hundred more.

The Malady, from the stench of the Prisoners, developed itself during the Trial of one Rowland Jenkes, 'a saucy, foul-mouthed Bookseller,' for scandalous words uttered against the Queen.

It was from the dreadful state of the prisoners thus brought up for trial that the custom arose of strewing the edge of the dock with rue, rosemary, sage, and other strong-smelling herbs supposed to prevent infection, and of placing bouquets of sweet-scented flowers on the bench before the judge. These herbs were until very lately (if they are not indeed still) used at the Old Bailey, and the bouquets are retained in many assize towns. When the notorious Mrs. Manning was convicted of murder in 1849, immediately after sentence was passed upon her she snatched up all the bunches of herbs lying before her, and threw them to the barristers sitting around the counsel table as souvenirs of her trial.

Apart from the care which the prison authorities now have for the decent appearance of culprits, they themselves actually seem to imagine that certain accessories excite sympathy or compassion in the minds of judge and jury.

Hence male prisoners of any station at all, consider a good *hat* as a very desirable addition in the dock, whilst with the females a respectable *shawl* and a *baby*—the younger the latter the better—are a desideratum, the same baby not very unfrequently doing duty for several successive delinquents.

It has been frequently remarked that prisoners actually appear very stupid whilst taking their trial. It must be remembered, however, that

they are generally suddenly brought from their solitary cells, where for weeks, and perhaps months, they have been awaiting their trial, into a crowded court, with hundreds of eyes fixed upon them, from the judge on the bench to the great unwashed in the public area behind; they are instantly addressed in terms they scarcely comprehend by the "Officer of the Court," and by the time their trial is half over many have just awoke to the consciousness that they are being tried at all! An habitual offender who has frequently undergone the ordeal, may often be detected by the cool and collected manner in which he behaves during his trial. In cases where, for convenience, several prisoners are arraigned at once, and while one is tried, the others are allowed to sit at the back of the dock, and become thus familiarised with the appearance of the court, and with the proceedings generally, it is astonishing how much more intelligently these behave when their own turn comes, the last tried being apparently thoroughly versed in the procedure of the court, through having had the opportunity of listening to the cases of those tried before him.

**Spelling Reform.**—A correspondent writes to say that our conclusion as to "the Cockney element having been strong at the Philological Society's meeting" when *hole* was recommended by a vote of thirteen to three to be spelled *ole* (p. 128), was founded on a printer's error. The recommendation was that *whole* should be spelled *hole*. The "Times," and some other papers, erroneously printed the word *hole* instead of *whole*, and said that *h* (instead of *w*) was to be dropped. The *w* has crept into this word without reason. Having given a specimen of Josh Billings's phonetic spelling in the "Leisure Hour" last year (p. 560), justice to the spelling reformers requires that we should give the following specimen furnished by Mr. Pitman. He calls it "Semiphonotypy," or a partial reform without new letters:—"It iz now too late for sensibel men tu laugh at the Spelling Reform. Hwen but a singel and singular man kud here and there be found who had the audasiti tu speak disrespektfuli ov our English orthografi, and tu suest a posibel reform therein, laughter and ridikiul and sneerz wer sumhwot natural and ekskiuzable. But that day has past; and now the klaimx ov a Reformed Orthografi are prest bei men ow such intelektual karakter, and in such numberz, az tu dezerv and komand a respektful hearing. We feind among them the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, MaxMüller, Profeszorz Skeat and Sayce, Dr. Murray, etc., in England; and in Amerika, Profeszor Whitney, Trumbull, Haldeman, Child, Godwin. E. P."

We give our correspondent's letter partly because it shows that the report in the "Times" was first at fault, and partly because it illustrates the confusion in the ranks of the spelling reformers. The publication of the great dictionary, which the Philological Society has in hand, may bring us in future years to a clearer view of what is possible. But we despair of any change of a large or sudden sort. Improvements must be gradual.

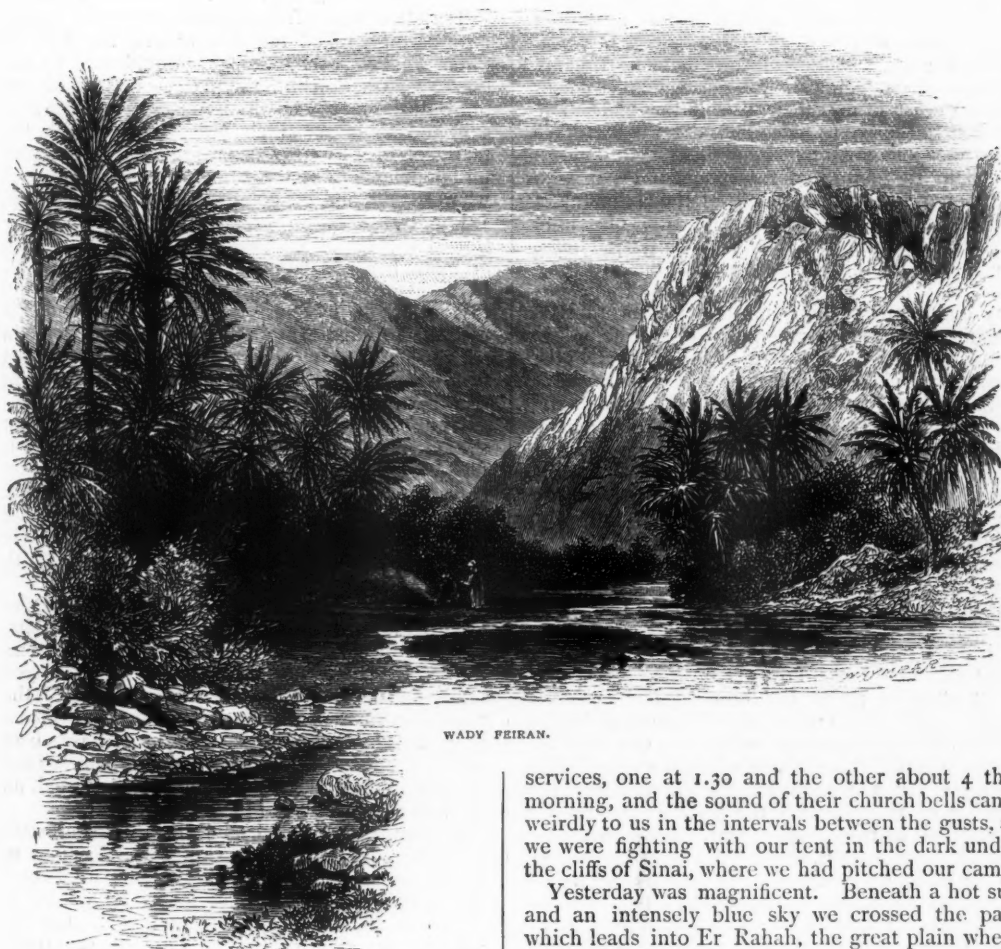
Dr. J. H. Murray, in his address, in 1880, as the president of the Philological Society, says that "The slightest glance at the orthography of Shakspeare, Bunyan, or a Bible of the seventeenth century, will show even the most ignorant what an immense amount of spelling reform has been done since then. Thus, to take at random a single instance, Psalm 106, (48 verses) as printed in 1611, differs in 116 spellings from that printed in 1879, and the first chapter in Genesis as now printed differs in 135 spellings from the same version as printed in 1611. One hundred and thirty-five differences in 31 verses! though the same version word for word. It thus appears that our spelling is really being re-formed, and the philologists may extend and accelerate the movement by issuing lists of proposed amendments. They would, however, only hinder progress by attempting great or sudden changes."



## PAST AND PRESENT IN THE EAST.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY HARRY JONES, M.A.

V.



WADY FEIRAN.

*Convent of St. Katherine, Mount Sinai,  
March 11, 1880.*

WE ARE weather-bound here, having been driven from our camping-ground at dawn by a tremendous north wind, with sleet, which gave us such a night of flapping struggle with ropes and canvas, in a bitter biting tempest, as we shall remember, but I hope not experience again. So here we are, having hired two stone rooms of the monks, who leave us entirely to ourselves. Perhaps they are asleep. They had two

services, one at 1.30 and the other about 4 this morning, and the sound of their church bells came weirdly to us in the intervals between the gusts, as we were fighting with our tent in the dark under the cliffs of Sinai, where we had pitched our camp.

Yesterday was magnificent. Beneath a hot sun and an intensely blue sky we crossed the pass which leads into Er Rahah, the great plain where surely the host stood before the mount. Ten paces in our path, which had led up between wildly rugged sloping cliffs, revealed Sinai to us. It was the arrival of one of those instantaneously photographed impressions which come rarely in a life. Sinai is much smaller than I expected. Indeed, any one who knows Switzerland might even hesitate before he called it a *mountain*. It is about half the height of Snowdon—i.e., above the surrounding levels. Nor is it so seamed with igneous record as half-a-dozen other mountains we have passed on our way hither. But it is grandly, silently alone; St. Katherine, which is consider-

ably higher, being separated from it by a valley. Its relation to the plain, which begins—in its flatness—some half-mile or so from its actual base, is such as I do not remember to have seen in any mountainous region I have visited. It is unique. A pile of granite cliffs, with a huge flat spread of yellow sand, not falling away from it, but, on the contrary, sloping upwards from near its foot like an enormous beach. My first thought was that this would hold a million men looking over one another's heads upon the mount; and my next thought was that they might all, in the singular silence of the desert, be spoken to with a trumpet from its summit, if not with the bare human voice. There was not a sound. I was for some time in advance of our caravan, and could distinctly hear the soft crush of my camel's foot in the sand. The ear helped the eye as much as it did the ear. We were unexpectedly long in our silent march down the plain to the foot of the mount. Those who have, after patient comparison of the testimony of various claimants to the grand title of Sinai, decided on giving it to this "Ras Sufsafeh," must, I cannot help thinking, be right. Serbal, Jebel Mûsa, and Jebel Seneh do not combine the necessary conditions. This mighty yellow theatre, sloping up before its huge pulpit of granite, might well have been in the eye of Moses as he led the people over plains and between precipices onwards to the spot which he knew so well, this pulpit and theatre built in the highest, most secluded part of this barren, isolated peninsula.

*March 13.*—We have ascended Jebel Mûsa, the traditional Sinai, and Ras Sufsafeh, considered by an influential majority of travellers, experts, and scholars to be the true Mount of the Law. It seems indeed impossible to look down from the summits of these two and doubt which of them has the best claim to be considered the real Sinai. The view from the former is very grand, embracing, as it does, mountains in Arabia, across the Gulf of Akabah. One looks, however, in vain for a sufficient place in which the host of the Hebrews could be collected beneath it. There is, indeed, a valley immediately across which the slopes of St. Katherine, and the group in which it stands, begin to rise; but the moment you set foot on the summit of Ras Sufsafeh, the plain below reveals itself in all its marvellous extent. It was, when we looked down upon it, empty and silent. A solitary Bedouin, on his camel, was creeping like an insect across its great yellow expanse, and two or three Arab tents on the rough ground nearer the base of the mount suggested that a camp might be pitched there, and presently the people be bidden to move farther off, when they would at once pass into the plain commanding a clear view of the mountain, and entirely visible from its summit. Surely we were on the top of Sinai.

We descended by a steep, rough—path it could hardly be called—towards the hillock on which it is supposed that Aaron exhibited the golden calf. By such a one Moses came down, hearing the shouting of the people, before he could perceive its cause. Here, I may remark, is still a small brook, flowing down from the mount towards the hill on which the Israelites are said to have com-

mitted idolatry, and which stands at the entrance of the valley in which the monastery is situated.

I happened, while near, to ascend it alone, and lay down, pondering, for some time on its summit. My attitude was so still and prone that a large white eagle seemingly mistook me for a dead corpse, and came sailing down from the skies to investigate or eat. On, however, my moving my hand to the butt of my revolver when he was quite close, he rose with a magnificent "swish," which, apparently without further pulsation of his wings, carried him over the cliffs of Ras Sufsafeh.

Travellers have often recorded how the monks have daringly raked together around the base of Sinai whatever they thought would add to the sacred "attraction" of the place. Here is shown not only the mould in which Aaron cast the golden calf, and the rock which Moses struck, with the marks of his rod upon it, but, in buoyant reliance on popular ignorance of geography, the spot where Korah and his company were swallowed up. I do not think, however, that any one has mentioned the odour of Sinai. It so abounds with aromatic herbs that the air is filled with their scent. [I gathered a few handfulls, and—interpolating this remark on my return to England—I found that they had strongly perfumed the portmanteau in which they were placed, and thus I can now set before my friends the smell, though not the sight of the Mount of the Law.]

I must add a few more retrospective words about the march of the Israelites. In following it day by day we have, of course, been frequently consulting and comparing the conjectures made about their halting-places. Professing no other knowledge of the matter, there seemed to me only two or three spots which could be identified with the localities mentioned in Scripture.

'Ayun Mûsa, or the Springs of Moses, opposite the traditional passage of the Red Sea, was a disillusion. Probably the Hebrews halted there, and it is still an oasis of palms—with scum-covered pools—in the yellow Desert of Shur. But it is the "Rosherville" of the Suez people, who picnic there, and leave their broken bottles of Bass's beer and other offensive wreckage behind them. They go to it by boat, having to walk only about half an hour from the beach to the springs.

But once on your camel, looking southward from this spot, and pacing slowly on, this part of the Desert of Shur, where the people "went three days in the wilderness and found no water," is revealed, and presses itself upon you. On the left are the cliffs of the Et Tih; on the right, across the water, the mountains of Africa. Thus, as the Red Sea is frequently lost sight of in passing over the undulations of the desert, these two blasted-looking ranges must have often reminded them of the long strip of Egypt, only without its central Nile, and with all its bright green fields changed into glaring yellow sand and gravel.

Gharandel, with its trees and creeping little stream, reached at the end of their first three days' march, must be Elim, with its "threescore and ten" palm-trees, so familiar to the Jews in Egypt, and counted thus carefully when they set eyes on such a welcome cluster after the passage of this

wilderness. I reckoned thirty-one there now, and there were more. Once arrived at this spot, they surely would have stopped "and encamped by the waters." They could hardly have been got to move on.

The next halting-place where one felt to be on Scripture ground which might be identified with the surroundings, would seem to be the camp by the Red Sea (Numbers xxxiii. 10). We approached it by a winding "wady." A "wady" is mostly a flat white or yellow dry bed of a water-course between broken cliffs, sprinkled with water-worn stones, and seamed with the rush of torrents. We paced on through such a winding defile under a sun so hot that the raising of one's blue spectacles from the eyes was like lifting the door of a furnace. Conceive a crowded host creeping slowly along such a course, with signs of water all around, but not a drop to be seen! The sides of this blasted, flat-floored valley revealed no welcome patch of green, and no little leaping thread of mountain stream. All was baked as dry as a heap of bricks in an August sun. These cliffs on either side showed the strangest bands and masses of colour—black, white, green, orange, red. We passed along, thinking of what that march must have been thousands of years ago, when, turning a corner, in a moment, as by the flashing back of a blind, there was the Red Sea beneath us, utterly blue, with the African mountains showing, in the clear air, as if close by. This would appear to the Hebrews as another glimpse of Egypt. Beneath us lay a broad beach. Here surely they "encamped by the Red Sea."

Beyond this lies what may possibly be indented with the Wilderness of Sin. It is a large sweep of wide barren beach, bounded on the left by many-coloured cliffs, dotted with aromatic herbs, and sprinkled with small broken flints. Several "wadys" lead off from this. It is most probable that the bulk of the host followed the sea-coast and turned up the Wady Feirân, which winds its long, dry, flat course upwards between sun-heated rocks, till the Oasis of Feirân is reached. This was another terrible march over the wide boulder-strewn torrent-bed. The Oasis of Feirân, as I have said in my letter written from it, should be Rephidim, a most precious spot, with its stream and long groves of tall palm-trees, and would naturally be held by the Amalekites. It is a wonderful revelation, at a turn in the defile, after long hours of dusty watercourse. The Bible speaks of there being no water at Rephidim. The Hebrews, however, might then hardly have got into the oasis itself, held by the Amalekites, and up to its mouth not a drop is to be seen. Here lies the "traditional rock," or rather one of the traditional rocks, another being shewn by the monks near the monastery of St. Katherine. This at Feirân is a large fragment, some 30ft. by 15ft., and 12ft. high, detached and rolled down from the mountain above on the left-hand side as you ascend, a little short of the entrance to the well-watered oasis. Thus they got to Rephidim, and yet there was no water. Once having defeated the Amalekites, they would abide for a while in their shady, stream-traversed stronghold. Here we camped in view of Serbal,

which, however, it was useless to ascend, as it was covered with clouds which left next morning a sprinkling of snow.

From Feirân, or Rephidim, the host would have gone by the Wady Solaf towards Sinai, and, though a station is not mentioned, could hardly have marched there in a day. After traversing the Wady Solaf they would enter the Wady Es Sheykh, and so reach the plain before the mount, which, as I raise my eyes from this page and look through the barred window of my convent room, I can see rising up in a huge yellow slope from the foot of Sinai.

Much as one would wish to do so, it seems difficult, if not impossible, to indentify any of the halting-places of the Hebrew host beyond those which I have mentioned—*i.e.*, on their way here. Their march *from* Sinai is, it would seem, still harder to be traced. Here, however, they must surely have been, and once they blackened that great rising plain of sand like ants upon a beach.

There is a much greater amount of verdure in several parts of the country than I had expected to see. I have already noticed this, but the fact struck me so forcibly that I may be pardoned for referring to it again. In *some* places, especially nearer Sinai, the horizon of plains is covered with shrubs, and aromatic verdure may be found on close inspection in surprising abundance among the rocks. I say on close inspection, for it is often of almost the same colour as the stones among which it grows, and at some distance is imperceptible. The flocks of sheep and goats we passed, belonging to the Bedouin, seemed in very good case. These Bedouin, though calling themselves Mohammedans, seem to be an irreligious and quarrelsome gentry, though civil or polite to us. I have not noticed one of our troop, except "Salem," who leads the march, say his prayers. They are ferociously and antequely armed. I never saw such guns—matchlocks and flintlocks—as they carry, swathed in rags, like mummies. But Salem salutes the leader of any little party we meet as Jethro did Moses. He makes obeisance, touching foreheads, taking hands, and blowing kisses. Talking of salutation, on approaching Sinai we chanced on a superb Bedouin. I was riding first. He came up and greeted me most courteously; then, kissing Salem, he asked us into his dark brown flat tent, pitched by the wayside. We returned his salutations, but were compelled to decline his hospitality. As with a fine sweep of his arm he seemed to ask us all in, it was well to do so. What with hangers-on, our troop numbers twenty, so we took the will for the deed. "Who is he?" I asked. "This," was the reply, "is the Sheykh Moses, the Sheykh of Sinai." A magnificent man.

We have met with extremes of climate on our march, and, worst of all, with gales. The experience of last night I have mentioned. Once, at two in the morning, our tent was crushed flat by a sandstorm. It was certainly unpleasant to have one's eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth filled with fine, fiercely-driving sand. We stuffed our heads under some flapping portion of our fallen tent and "wished for the day," which was a long time



coming, and it was very cold about the legs. When the dawn arose we were naturally in a terrible mess. Our luggage was filled with sand; our revolvers, which we are advised to carry, had an extra charge of sand; and, having been comfortably warm when caught, next morning putting my hand to my face I found it gritty as that of a rough stone statue. This business somewhat dissipated the sentiment of our journey for a few hours. But there is a grotesque side to most situations.

A word on this convent, or rather monastery, in which we are lodged. It is a curious jumble of buildings and rooms, which lie within its four walls as if they had been packed one upon another in a box. In the midst, close together, stand the minaret of a mosque and tower of a church, in strangely catholic combination. But I did not see the former used, though it was close to the gallery into which my stone room opened. The church, on the contrary, has incessant services. We attended one, but could make very little of it. The intonation of the monks, who took it up from their stalls, in what seemed to be sudden caprice, was very nasal. The service was long, and seemed to be done in the most dogged and perfunctory way possible. The church, with its antique and barbaric air and equipment, has been often described. There was one contrasting item of its furniture in the shape of an old English eight-day clock, which might have been bought in Wardour Street. The mosaics in the apse are wonderfully fresh, though supposed to date from the sixth century. Once this monastery was the centre of an anchorite Christian community, which crowded in thousands around Mount Sinai, living mostly in caves and holes of the rocks. Now there are some score of Greek monks in the place, stolid, listless, ignorant, who grind through their nightly and daily devotional routine, but give shelter, for which we were most grateful. They did not, however, address or come near us, though the secretary was good enough to show us about the place and exhibit the two precious and most beautiful MSS. it is known to contain. What others may there not be, still unrevealed, in its library?

*March 20, 1880.*

We have now pitched our tents for the first time after climbing the cliffs of the Et Tih, and entered on the elevated plateau which they border on the east and west; and our surroundings have not been cheerfully picturesque. Imagine a hundred thousand acres of ploughed field where every clod is a sharp yellow stone. This was the impression I received when we had fairly got upon the plateau of this inner wilderness. The surface is, indeed, not perfectly level, being broken by occasional steep narrow clefts, in the bottom of some of which lay a few green pools of brackish water. We wound our way down into one of these and let our camels have their fill while we ate our lunch. This lone and blasted land, with its millions of sharp stones strewn the ground, is the most desolate we have seen.

I must, however, look back and say a word about our course from Sinai to this place. Our way from

the monastery soon lay down the great Wady es Sheykh, so named from some famous chief, but who he was and what he did, and when he lived and died, is not known. He gives, however, the name of "Sheykh" to the wady, and the Bedouin keep his memory in great respect. They hold a yearly gathering about his tomb, which lies a little way on the right hand as you journey northwards, and thence they make an expedition to sacrifice to Moses on Jebel Mûsa, the traditional Sinai. What a mark the great lawgiver made on this land! There is, as some one says, a sort of "Mosaic atmosphere" throughout it. And out of any three or four Arabs one is sure to be named Moses. We turned aside to, and entered, the tomb of the unknown but famous Sheykh. It is a rude stone hut, some twelve feet square, with a stone coffin in the middle, covered with rags, the floor of the sepulchre being the floor of the desert. It is reckoned as a very sacred spot, and travellers tell how the Bedouin do not pass it without stopping to pay their devotions at this tattered shrine. I am afraid that our gang is a godless lot. Old Salem alone stopped in his march for a few minutes of prayer within the tomb. The rest plodded on grumbling and quarrelling amongst themselves over some minute division of the pay which they had received when we halted at the monastery. I should say, however, that Salem is held in special respect by our troop. He has the ear of the House. When he speaks, after a noisy palaver, he is listened to at once, and his word carries apparently more weight than that of our Sheykh. He is a wonderfully cheerful old man, withal, and during the last few days of our march has been the subject of much concern. A stray Bedouin brought news to the camp that a favourite son of Salem's was dead; and as he had, all along, purposed to diverge for a night from our course and ride off to his home some miles distant from one of our halting-places, our men thought it was best not to tell him of his loss, but leave him to discover it for himself. When the afternoon came for him to turn aside for the visit to his tents he got on one of the camels, and, humming merrily, set off at a bumping trot homewards. We expected to see him come back next day in a desolate state, but he made his appearance smiling as usual, with two coffee-coloured little grandchildren, and a woman to lead them home again. No one there had told him of the loss. We had been touched by the phase of domestic tenderness which the anxiety of our men indicated, but another factor had entered into the matter. It appears that old Salem has several wives, and that, lately, he has summarily divorced the mother of his loved son, and thus has wholly kept clear of her tent during his short absence, and abstained from asking any questions about her and hers. So he is still in ignorance of his loss, but the men are plotting how to tell him of it when they return from Nukih, where their territory ends, and they leave us to be escorted by another tribe. And they have settled to make him such a cake as he loves, and then, when he is full, break the bad news. Curiously enough, the contriver of this project is my camel-leader, who hails from Salem's home, and is thinking of returning with

him in order to come unawares upon another neighbour with whom he has a blood-feud, and shoot him. He carries, bumping on his back, the matchlock with which he proposes to avenge himself. I offered him half-a-sovereign for it. His reply was, "Can I shoot a man with half-a-sovereign?" But I got it, nevertheless, by a little increase in my offer [and—I add this line on looking over my journal in London—have brought it back with me. My camel-leader will have provided himself with another tool for his deadly business, and put a few shillings in his pocket besides. The matchlock is a villainously sandy and battered instrument].

Let me return to our march. We occasionally met a wandering Bedouin. One brought us an ibex which he had shot, and which our Sheykh bought for his men. Another came up with a kid, which our dragoman, after long parley, bought for us for three shillings and sixpence. As soon as the bargain was completed the seller set the poor little beast down on the ground, and it scampered off at once. We thought, at first, that we should not have got it after all. Our men had a rare hunt. They were to have some of its flesh, and presently, in the space of an hour, the kid was killed, skinned, and cooked, and the Bedouin's share eaten. I thought of the calf that was fetched, tender and good, and which the giver hastened to dress. Our beast was as lean as a toast-rack.

Before we arrived at the cliffs of the Et Tih, we

had, from a wide opening among the valleys, a most magnificent view of Mount Serbal, the summit of which, thence, showed itself as even more "alone" than Ras Sufsafeh. But between us and its base were several miles of minor ridges, which made the mountain unable to fulfil one of the conditions required by the Scriptural record about the Mount of the Law. There was no plain reaching from its foot. After emerging from the wadys which led northwards we came on part of the flat wilderness which lies round the cliffs of the Et Tih, and across the sandy level of which we had a grand view of them, stretching away right and left. Traversing this level for some hours, we encamped at their base, in the most golden and rose-coloured sunset that we saw in the whole of this part of our march, and climbed them the next morning under a flaming sun by a series of zigzags.

The view from the top as we looked back was superb. Serbal stood up grandly. On our right was the Red Sea, with the mountains of Africa on its other side. On our left we could just discern those of Arabia, to the east of the Gulf of Akabah. Straight before us, across the great plain of sand which we had ridden over the previous day, was the wild, rent, and brightly-coloured igneous region of the Peninsula. In the far distance beyond this we could discern Sinai, with a light cloud upon its summit. Then we turned our faces northward, and saw it no more.

## LAKE WINNIPEG.\*



GLANCE at the map of North America, to the south of Hudson's Bay, will show the position and size of that great inland sea, Lake Winnipeg. It is perhaps the receptacle of a greater number of large rivers than any other lake in the world. From east, west, and south mighty streams pour their waters into its capacious bosom. For hundreds of miles have these waters travelled through level stretches of prairie, and marsh, or rolling woodlands, before they cease for a time their long journey and are swallowed up in the mightier waters of this great lake. They cease, indeed, to exist as rivers, but their waters are not yet at rest. Storms and tempests lash them furiously, and drive them from shore to shore. The powerful north wind, monarch of the winds, by whose name the entire district is named, in Indian speech, Ke-wayd-in, buffets them during the entire length of three hundred miles, heaping them up against the smaller southern extremity, and flooding the lowlands and hay-marshes for many a league.

In addition to the supplies furnished by rivers and creeks, another mass of water forces its way

through the great extent of low-lying countries surrounding the lake, slowly but steadily percolating the surface soil until it reaches the sandy beach, through which it escapes from its dark buried bed of clay.

In these various ways the waters of the lake had been recently increased through five years of unusually wet seasons, and had at length risen to an alarming and dangerous height in 1880. The limited width of the outlet to Hudson Bay of the Nelson river was altogether insufficient to discharge them as fast as they had been received.

A complication like this seems quite unprecedented, at least in historic annals. The Indians, familiar all their life with the region, say that they have not hitherto witnessed such a state of things. They now live in dread of being entirely swept off by a flood during the occurrence of some great storm. It is not a pleasant prospect for those who have settled in this region.

Among the European immigrants, on the western shores of the lake and at its south end, is a colony of Icelanders, consisting of about 300 families, settled in 1875 and following years. Their houses are dotted along the hitherto uninhabited coast for thirty or forty miles. The site was chosen by them because of the abundant supply of timber, interspersed with natural meadows where cattle

\* We are indebted for this communication to a settler on the southern shore of the Lake, near the Icelandic colony in Keewatin district, Canada.

and horses might be kept in large numbers. The waters of the lake teem with fish, and afford ready communication with the markets of older settlements. All were pleased with their new country, and many a heart rejoiced while contrasting the tall heavy wild grass rising above the head in the wide hay-marshes, with the stunted meadows of the old country. The only apprehensions arose from the reported dryness of the soil, and the supposed peril from bush-fires; the trees, and even the soil, composed of decayed forest-trees and leaves, being easily ignited, burning fiercely under the influence of a strong wind, and only extinguished with great difficulty. In the first year of their settlement several of the newly-erected houses were destroyed, and extensive bush-fires were very prevalent.

Water was obtained in wells easily when they were dug to the level of the lake itself. One well, however, had to be sunk twenty feet below that level before it was found.

It was a duty very strictly enjoined on the new settlers by the Indians, that they should carefully extinguish the fires made by them when in camp on their journeys. "This country," they said, "is always the same. What you see now is what it always has been. There is not much rain here."

How changed it soon became, however, we have now to tell.

The season for rain is generally in June, and the first showers of that month, in 1876, were gladly welcomed. Soon, however, the lands became very wet, and, although occasionally dry again, yet every succeeding year the country was deluged with rains, so that the roads became impassable, and the hay-marshes were covered with water several feet deep. For five years this unusual rainfall continued, and grew very much worse, because of the accumulation of water from year to year in far distant marshy regions.

In 1880 Lake Winnipeg became very high, so that very little hay was cut on the finest marshes. The water was five feet higher than its old level, so that during heavy northerly storms many places were overflowed and many families had to abandon their homes. Matters became worse and worse continually. The crops were destroyed by storms which tore the banks away with the fences and buildings, leaving a high sandy beach in their place.

The time at length arrived when the lake is usually frozen over. Anxiously was this looked for by those who lived near the threatening waters. The following description of the phenomenon is from one of the settlers in that colony.

On the 14th November a great fall of the mercury in our barometers warned us of the approach of a heavy storm. The north-west wind, which produces the greatest rise in the lake, blew heavily all that night, causing the swell to roll in huge

breakers on the bank. The severe frost (the thermometer being 2 degrees below zero) congealed the water rapidly as wave after wave was driven over the land, so that a most effectual barrier was thus formed to the fury of the gale.


The water on the 15th presented a most gloomy and unnatural appearance, caused probably by the formation of icy particles which the tumultuous state of the lake prevented from coalescing. After midday the waves ceased to roll, and the whole body of water became motionless in spite of the gale. The surface became glassy and had an oily appearance as long as daylight lasted. No ice whatever formed on it. Sand or gravel when dropped on it sank immediately through it without a ripple. It seemed perfectly dead.

About sunset this mass began to rise as the gale continued, and its appearance at that time was dismal in the extreme, as one stood on the bank watching the singular spectacle at his feet. Higher and higher rose the water, perfectly unruffled by the gale, until after attaining a height of nearly two feet more than the wildest storm had ever forced it hitherto, it poured over its frozen barrier upon the land within, flooding the low country to the depth of two to three feet, drowning some cattle, and inundating many dwellings as well as stables. Families fled from their houses, wading through the freezing flood, exposed to the terrible cold of 6 degrees below zero in the darkness of the night, until some more secure shelter was reached. Others climbed with their children to the beams and lofts of their flooded dwellings, where they remained half frozen until the next day.

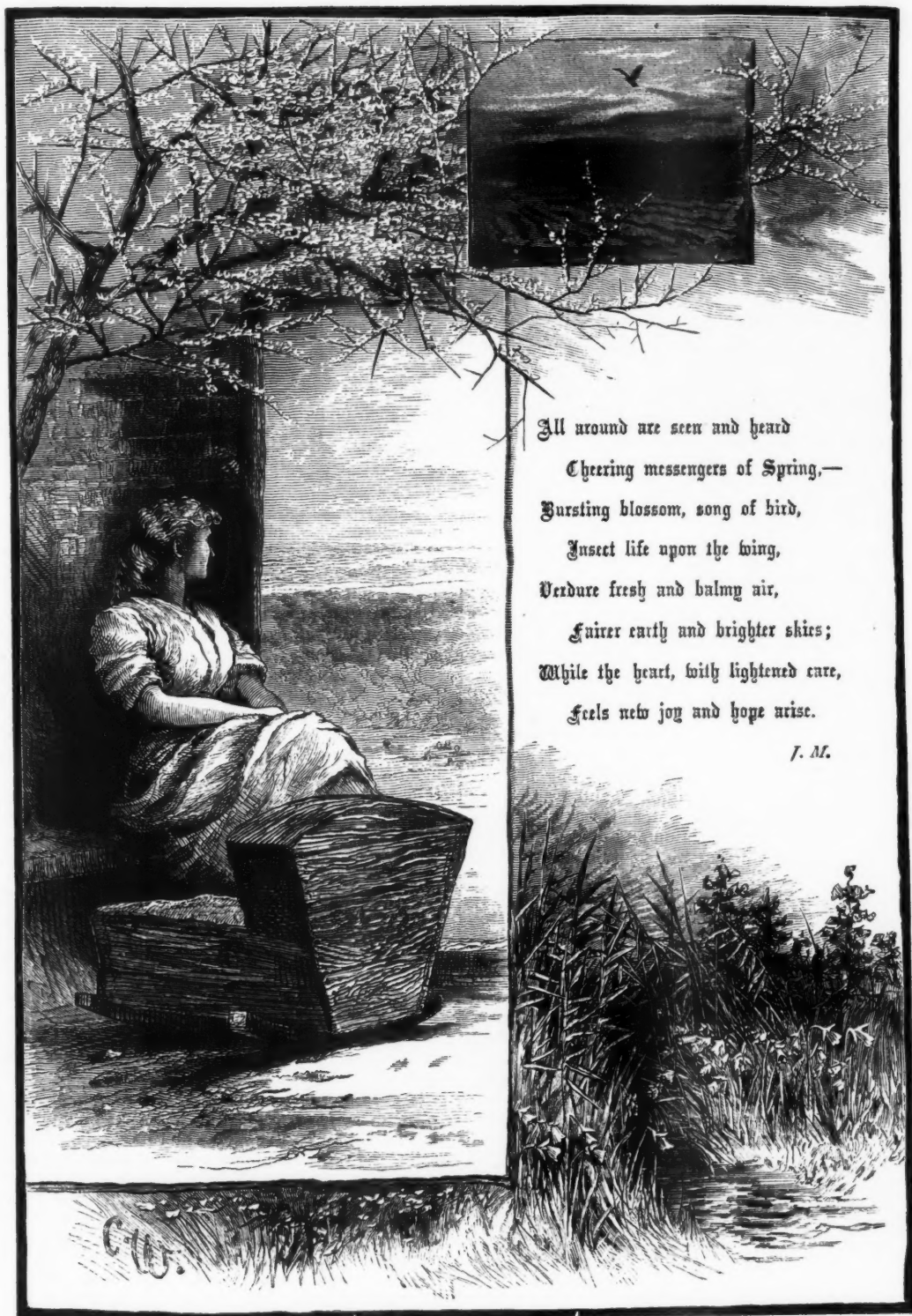
The morning of the 16th made known the comfortable fact that the lake itself was frozen over, and that the waters, consequently, were rapidly subsiding. An icy crust of several inches thickness covered the land wherever the flood had reached. The draining off of the water from beneath had left this crust as it froze, so that a hollow space of one to four feet remained beneath, rendering it unsafe for cattle or horses to walk on.

The north wind continued almost without change for the space of two weeks, until the temperature fell to 33 degrees below zero, and the ice on the lake became eighteen inches in thickness before the month of November closed. During the previous severe winter, 1879-1880, the temperature is said to have fallen to 53 degrees below zero, and the ice reached a depth of five feet.

About the middle of May these icy fetters melt away, and Lake Winnipeg resumes its wild liberty. For the sake of all who reside on its shores it is to be hoped that during the open season of the next year there may be no repetition of the troubles of 1880.







All around are seen and heard

Cheering messengers of Spring,—

Bursting blossom, song of bird,

Insect life upon the wing,

Verdure fresh and balmy air,

Fairer earth and brighter skies;

While the heart, with lightened care,

Feels new joy and hope arise.

*J. M.*

## SUSSEX FOLK AND SUSSEX WAYS.

BY THE REV. JOHN COKER EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

v.



**A**MONG the rapidly perishing personal recollections of our old people are those connected with smuggling. I do not think that we have now any parishioners living who actually took part in the smuggling business—for business it really was—but much has been told me by old parishioners who knew all about it, if they did not personally run its risks. A woman has told me that, as a child, she used to say her prayers at night, and then be regularly put to bed with the strict injunction, "Now, mind, if the 'gentlemen' come along, don't you look out o' window." Peeping at the smugglers was a heinous offence, and was often visited with severe punishment, as it was supposed to give means of identification and detection.

I was once asking an old man in a very wild part of the parish whether the smugglers ever used to store their goods in that district. "I believe you," he said. "Why, this cottage where we be now has many a time been as full of tubs from top to bottom as ever it could hold." He then went on to tell me that his grandfather had had fourteen children, and that he had brought them all up to the smuggling. I asked whether they did not get into trouble. "No," he said, "they were pretty lucky. Uncle Tom he got three months twice in Maidstone Gaol, and then he gave it up, but none of the rest came to no harm." He explained to me the whole arrangements for running cargoes, hiding them up, and getting them into the country. He spoke with perfect openness, and evidently with thorough knowledge. For his own part, I am inclined to think that he somewhat despised our degenerate times, for he assured me that nowadays the spirits were not nearly as good as they used to be; and I well remember that he added the curious reason, that we did not half know how to adulterate them like the foreigners did. It is nevertheless a great comfort to be able now to go into cottages with-

out the thought that possibly "tub-holes" are concealed under our feet, and to be able to look at the floor without suspecting that by the application of a sucker a well-fitted brick would come up and reveal a world of spirits to our astonished eyes. The terror inspired by the smugglers was very great, and our excise officer felt it prudent at times to shut his eyes and ears, and to be content with the anker of brandy which lay at his door in the morning, as the reward of his non-interference.

How it was that in the midst of all this lawlessness a learned scholar and poet, Mr. Hurdis, who was curate of the parish, and afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford, could write to a friend at the University, "Dear Sir,—Having been expelled by calamity from my little paradise of Burwash, the world is all before me," I cannot tell. By his poem of "The Village Curate," which in its day was very popular, his chief delight seems to have been in physical rather than in human nature; and so far as wood, and hill, and dale could give contentment, he had it here no doubt in a high degree. An old labouring man, who died at the age of eighty-two or eighty-three, many years ago told me that when he was young he used to go with his mother to work at Mr. Hurdis's, but the poet had left no impression on him, and the learned curate did not differ in his eyes from other curates. Learning, indeed, and science have not hitherto been fully appreciated in our wilds, and though the late Sir John Herschel lived only about seven miles from us, almost within range of an eighty-ton gun, very few of our folk had ever heard of him, and with the few to whom his name was known the wonder was "how he ever made a living by star-gazing!"

I question, too, whether another notable man who belongs to us has ever had his due share of honour in his own parish. Thomas May, who was born at "The Franchise," in Burwash, accomplished a literary feat which is I imagine unique. He boldly wrote a supplement to Lucan's "Pharsalia," and this supplement has so much in common with the original that foreign critics have published it in good editions of Lucan; and both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Hallam speak of it in terms of high praise. In his after-life Thomas May was appointed Secretary to the Parliament, and was by the Parliament commissioned to write the "History of the Long Parliament," a work of which Mr. Hallam also says, "May's history of the Parliament is a good model of genuine English:

he is plain, terse, and vigorous, never slovenly, though with few remarkable passages, and is in style as well as in substance a kind of contrast to Clarendon."

Alas! for the reputation of either prose or poetry. Neither May nor Hurdis has left even his name in the parish, and though I once learnt a couple of lines of verse from the old man who as a boy went to Mr. Hurdis's, I can hardly suppose that they derived their inspiration from the author of "The Village Curate." They were part of a song which the old man told me used to be sung in our hop-gardens, and which set forth the marvellous power of hops in drawing to the "bins" at hopping-time all, old and young, sick and well, who can possibly stir out of doors. He knew only the two first lines, which ran as follows:—

"Old Mother Nincompoop had nigh twelve months been dead—

She heard the hops were pretty good, and just popped out her head."

From this beginning it is possibly as well that his memory at this point failed him. The attractive power of the hop-garden still remains, and during hopping, times go hard with any invalid who is obliged to stay at home. Last year I heard of a helpless old man who described his daily dinner and the way in which he got it during hopping by the expressive words, "Well, sir, it isn't nothing, and it ain't nohow."

As a reward for doing his duty by visiting and mixing in various ways with his parishioners, a clergyman every now and then picks up a bit of wisdom which is a very nugget amid a good deal of less interesting talk. Indeed, I confess that for myself I have often felt the relationship of instructor and instructed curiously inverted in my intercourse with unlearned men and women, the whole cost of whose school education never equalled that of my Latin dictionary, but whose moral rules of thumb and sententious utterances are oftentimes very striking. I do not think that I am far wrong in claiming a high degree of moral instinct for a piece of advice which a poor man told me he had had from his father just before he died. I had come up with the man on the high road, and after talking a while about things in general, he began to speak about himself, and said, "Ah, sir, it would have been a good thing for me if I had minded the last words that ever my father said to me; he called me to him, and said, 'Now, mind,' he said, 'that you always keep better company than you be yourself.'" My heart sank within me when I thought of all the homilies that I had written and spoken on the subject of companionship; and how pointless they must have seemed in comparison with this simple sentence of a man who could probably neither read nor write.

The moral question which I now submit to my readers as it was submitted to me, has, I own, no other connection whatever with the previous sentence than a local one. It happened to be propounded to me many years before on just the same spot of road, and so I associate the two conversations. I had overtaken a parishioner who

I did not see at the moment was slightly the worse for drink. As I was passing I tendered the usual "good-day," and on the strength of this opening he proceeded to say, "I've been wanting to see you, sir, for ever so long, and I want you to tell me how 'tis that whenever I get a little drop too much to drink I always feel more religious than I do at any other time." I will not deny that I was somewhat taken aback by the question; I certainly had never met with it in my books. What little I knew scientifically about "cases of conscience" did not seem to me to touch the point, and I am afraid that my replies for a minute or two were not of the most lucid order. By degrees, however, I discovered that what the poor man was aiming at was the obtaining my certificate that inasmuch as the drop too much made him feel more religious than common, the drop too much was—well, I hardly think that he expected me to say praiseworthy, but, at any rate—very excusable. The feeling religious I took to mean the resolution from time to time not to disgrace himself again. He explained to me that his "transgressions" arose not out of any love of drink, but from his being a good-natured man, and from his inability to say "No" when friends offered to treat him. All I could do at the moment was to say that he ought to be very thankful that he still had his conscience left to move him to make good resolutions, and that he ought to look upon it as a sign of God's mercy, which might be withdrawn altogether if he went on neglecting it. The certificate of harmlessness in the drink by reason of the good resolutions I could not give. I am thankful to say that my friend, who has been dead some years, had long before his death thoroughly overcome, as far as I knew, any tendency to excess.

One more association with that particular spot I chronicle here because I cannot classify it with any other "recollections," seeing that it is in my experience unique. Close by stood a cottage, since pulled down, tenanted then by a good old body, whose quaint sayings were many. One of them I noted at the time. She was speaking of the sad appearance of a neighbour, and said, "I don't think I should look as bad as she do; no, not if I was in my coffin." Seeing me smile, she added, most seriously, "But you must know, sir, that our family is always noted for carryin' a high colour when we be corpses." "A beautiful corpse" is a phrase which we, like Sairey Gamp, apply to persons whose appearance after death is placid and peaceful. I was told of a poor woman only the other day, "She was a great sufferer, but she was a beautiful corpse;" but the "high colour" was an element of posthumous family beauty which I had never heard claimed before.

I do not know that there is anything above the rank of commonplace in a rhyme which was a great favourite of the old man whom I have already mentioned in connection with the word "lither," but the smoothly-flowing rhythm used to catch my ear:—

"If youth but knew what age would crave,  
How many a sixpence youth would save."



Though the old man himself had not saved much, he possibly might be excused, as his old age—and he lived to be ninety-two—was one that craved but little. His health till the end of his long life was good, and his wants were few. He suffered towards the last, it is true, from a pain, to account for which he had to go back seventy-four years, when, as he used to say, he remembered having strained himself in carrying a sack of clover-seed, though he had never noticed any effects of it since. He had survived his accident rather longer than an old fellow-parishioner, who died at the age of eighty-eight, seventy-one years after she had been actually “laid forth” as a corpse, having been taken for dead by her attendants in an attack of scarlet fever.

I was once struck by an answer of a mother, who had got children of all ages about her, and to whom, as she was not strong, I had happened to say, “I am afraid all these children are a good deal of trouble to you.” “Oh no, sir,” she said, “children aren’t trouble; they’re only fatigue.” The distinction seemed to me not an unreasonable one, reserving, as it apparently did, the deeper sense of trouble for that brought home too often by sons and daughters no longer children.

Hints on the rearing of children I often get, though not uncommonly on the principle of how not to do it. When I think of the conditions under which many of our poorer children are brought up, I often wonder how they turn out half as well as they do. Given one not over large living room—the only refuge except the open air for all the various tempers and passions of a father and mother, and six or seven children of all ages and dispositions; given two bedrooms, from each of which every sound of a crying child or a groaning sick person passes through the thin partition into the next room, and often through the unceiled floor into the living-room; given even the ordinary worries and irritations of life, aggravated now and then by a little beer, and less money on Saturday night; given the not over-soothing effect of an occasional lecture from a clergyman or district visitor, who, judging of things from a cleaner, airier, and more generally comfortable point of view, speaks accordingly: given all these drawbacks, and many more, and who can be surprised if some poor cottages are not exactly schools of patience, resignation, good temper, and refinement? A word and a blow are a very ready discipline in an area in which no one of its occupants can be very much more than an arm’s length from another, and a large part of many children’s time is probably spent in simply calculating how often they can do what they like, against orders, after the word, before the blow comes. It must have been a sense of this common experience which made a woman once say to me, in speaking of the superior system on which she herself had been brought up, “Ah, sir, I’d as good a mother as ever a child need to have. Whatever she promised me I was sure to get it,

whether it was a bull’s-eye or a hiding.” The certainty of rewards and punishments is an acknowledged element of successful moral training, and the uncertainty of the proportion of actual punishment to the threats of it gives just that excitement of chance to disobedience which is, to many children, an additional incentive to continuance in ill-doing. The word and the blow system, moreover, begets sad callousness both in parents and children. I quite remember being somewhat horrified soon after I came into Sussex by a message which was sent to our schoolmaster by the father of a boy who, having been brought up in this system, would do nothing except through fear of punishment. He became at last so troublesome that he was sent home as beyond the power of our discipline. He was, however, summarily “had back” by an elder brother, who returned him to the master with the message, “Please, sir, father says you be to take him back, and you be to half kill him.” In spite of this early bringing up the boy has turned out well. I occasionally see a small rod hung up on a cottage wall as a wholesome emblem of authority, but I am inclined to hope that parental violence is decidedly less common among us than it was.

I am thankful to say that work is still a leading idea in the minds of our parents, and education is not yet looked upon simply as a means of “getting by” hard work. The doctrine which a worthy woman propounded to me *à propos* of some relations who had come down in the world still holds its ground. “To my mind,” she said, “it’s a deal easier to be brought up to hard work, and then to ‘have’ to leave it off, than it is to be brought up ‘gentleman,’ and then to have to take to hard work.” To this same good woman I was indebted for a proverbial rhyme on the subject of family ties, which, once heard, practical experience constantly reminds us of. Speaking of not being able to leave home because of her children, she added, “It’s like the old saying, sir,

‘When you’ve got one you can run,  
When you’ve got two you may go,

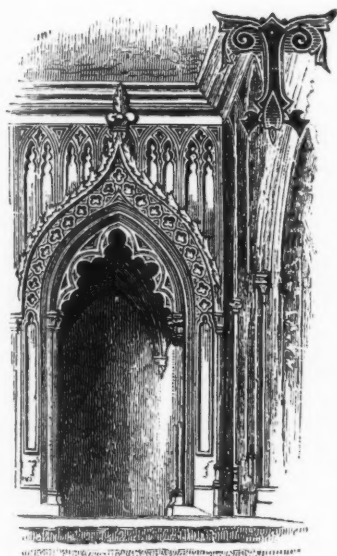
But when you’ve got three, you must bide where you be.”

The following rebuke, which I once heard given to an impatient child, had a quaint sound about it: “I should think you stood a good way back when patience was shared out;” and the way in which people make trouble for themselves when they have nothing else especially to trouble about was also pithily expressed in a saying which I heard not long since: “Well, Mary, I suppose you are in trouble for the want of trouble.”

The commonly accepted doctrine that the two things sufficient to drive a man mad are “a cross wife” and “a smoky chimney” receives a local addition among us of “green wood and no bellows,” the force of which is thoroughly understood by any man who gets up early on a dark morning to light a wood fire and boil the kettle before he goes away to work.

## MEMORABLE SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

V.—THE EPISODE OF JOHN WILKES.



HERE is a beautiful passage — which has passed into the history of English eloquence — from the lips of the first William Pitt, afterwards the great Earl of Chatham. It was pronounced in a most agitated meeting of the House of Commons, on the 14th of February, 1764. It was when that great leader — the most powerful minister England

has ever known under her constitutional monarchy — was vehemently denouncing *General Warrants*. Expatiating in a strain of pathetic — we fear somewhat over-coloured — eloquence on the solicitude with which the Constitution watches over the personal safety of the meanest individual, Pitt exclaimed, in language which, somehow, although there were no newspaper reporters, flew on the wings of the wind, and which has since the day he uttered it become proverbial: "It is a maxim of our law that every Englishman's house is his castle—not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements—it may be a straw-built shed; every wind of heaven may whistle round it; all the elements of nature may enter in, but the KING cannot—the KING dare not!" and then he concluded by saying that "if the House negatived the motion then before it, they would be the disgrace of the present age and the reproach of posterity."

And talking of memorable scenes in the House of Commons and its protracted debates, few are more memorable or protracted than that. Horace Walpole was there, and in a letter the day following, to his friend the Earl of Hertford, he gives to us a graphic picture of the scene and his sufferings! The day before, the House had sat eleven hours; on this day, seventeen. He says, "Old Will Chetwynd, now past eighty, and who had walked down to the House, did not stir a

single moment out of his place from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning; we had *patriotesses*, too, who stayed out the whole;" and Walpole enumerates a crowd of peeresses who were there. Pitt, when efforts were made to adjourn, implored of the House that it "would neither eat nor sleep until the point should be decided." "In short," says Walpole, "yesterday was the hugest day ever known in the House of Commons; calculate if I am not weary!" The wonder about the matter is that even the cynical Horace seems to have stirred to the majesty of the occasion, and to have felt the importance of the motion, which did not manage to get itself introduced until one o'clock in the morning.

What was the motion before the House? It was one made by Sir William Meredith, a Tory of the old school, that "a General Warrant for apprehending and seizing the authors, printers, and publishers of a seditious libel, together with their papers, is not warranted by law." This had been done, in a personal and vindictive manner, towards a person named John Wilkes, beneath a General Warrant, as it was called—a warrant having no endorsement in law, but being simply issued by the king or his ministers—in which the reader will see the point of Pitt's indignant and daring invective—for printing and publishing a paper, called "Number forty-five of the 'North Briton.'" "Why," exclaimed Pitt, "do they not search the Bishop of Gloucester's (Warburton's) study for heresy?" Warburton was one of the most bitter in the fray. For this person named Wilkes, Member of Parliament for Aylesbury, had been committed to the Tower, and while in the Tower, beneath another General Warrant—a kind of *lettre de cachet* on English ground—without any magisterial countersign, and upon no charge either of felony or treason, his house in Great George Street, Westminster, had been entered, and all papers, manuscripts, and letters, upon which the depredators could lay their hands, were carried away in a sack. Neither the king nor the ministers who took this course for a moment apprehended what a fire they were kindling—not to say a storm—what a hurricane they were evoking; and the tempest raged on for years.

Very many were the memorable scenes in the House of Commons during the first decade, the first ten years of the reign of George III. In a number of the "Quarterly Review" for 1852, amidst some fervent eulogies on the Earl Temple of that time, the writer says that the drawback to his greatness was, that "he mixed himself up in

the dirty politics of the City and in the disgraceful brawls of Wilkes." Perhaps this writer, if living to-day, would not now express himself thus, for those "dirty politics and disgraceful brawls," it is now pretty distinctly seen, issued in securing to the Englishman constitutional freedom, and to the country the freedom of the press. Indeed we apprehend that probably a much more unanimous and unqualified national verdict would be pronounced now upon these so-called "dirty politics" and "disgraceful brawls" than even upon many of the impeachments or doings of the Long Parliament.

Those were the days in which Lord Bute was the minister; his Government was exceedingly unpopular. In the interests of the Government had been published "The Briton," assailing, with most vehement language and satire, the people and all in opposition. Wilkes, as a corrective on the other side, published "The North Briton;" it went as far as "Number forty-four." Then, when Bute retired, and Mr. Grenville succeeded him, Wilkes discontinued the publication; but, by-and-by, when it was discovered that, so far from matters being improved, they were likely to fall into a yet more helpless confusion, he published "Number forty-five," severely remarking on the king's speech. The Government and the king himself chose to regard these comments as an attack upon the sovereign, although kings' speeches are regarded, by every precedent and principle, as simply the expression of the ministry of the time. The issue was that we have seen as stated above. Ultimately every step taken at the instance of the Government was reversed in the Law Courts and in the Parliament, but the expense to the Government, or rather the country, was about £100,000. Earl Temple appears to have defrayed all the charges of Wilkes in the matter, which, of course, were inconsiderable in comparison, but the whole proceedings led to repeated and memorable scenes in the House of Commons, and really constitute one of the most interesting chapters in the more recent history of English freedom. The attitude of the City of London in that day forms a most essential study.

It has been remarked by an able and patient historian that the three great political heroes of the first ten years of the reign of George III were Lord Bute, the Earl of Chatham, and John Wilkes. We altogether object to the inclusion of Lord Bute in any possible gallery or catalogue of heroes, although he was certainly one of the most notorious and unpopular men of his time; but there can be no doubt about the other two, that they commanded more attention than any other two men in the nation; and of John Wilkes, no matter what amount of personal dislike may attach to the man, he was the cause of a more extended social disturbance than any other, while his case led to more protracted debates, extending even from session to session and year to year. In fact, it may be spoken of as connected with the most protracted debates, as his name is, singularly enough, associated with a most important chapter in the later years of English history. John Wilkes illustrates to us how frequently in the great stories of

nations and societies great battles are won by bad men. We owe something to him and to what was brought about by the victory he finally obtained. If any person doubts the importance of John Wilkes, let him take down any respectable history of those times—such as Earl Stanhope's or William Belsham's, for instance—and notice how large a place he occupies in its pages.

John Wilkes is widely known through the canvas of Hogarth, who has immortalised his altogether abominable squint in a manner which constitutes that likeness—so true, we suppose, and yet so altogether diabolical—as one of the most illustrious illustrations of the malignity of art. Indeed, his squint was something altogether impressive and peculiar among the revelations of physiognomy. In the "Life of Lord Sidmouth" there is an anecdote showing how it once upset the gravity of the House of Lords; it was when Sidmouth was Prime Minister. Bishop Watson got up to speak on some subject connected with Nootka Sound. The bishop commenced by observing, "My lords, it is impossible at this moment, and in connection with this subject, to look at the North-East without at the same time giving a glance at the South-West." Sidmouth, in a conspicuous part of the House, saw this optical difficulty at once; but when he heard some one behind him quite audibly say, "Eh! I'll be bound there's nobody but Wilkes can do that!" he broke out into a laugh which, as it suggested the point of the humour, upset the gravity of the whole assembly. Yet a hundred years ago that unæsthetic face shone conspicuous upon a tenth part of all the tavern signs of England, and Wilkes himself used to relate with great gusto how his attention was once drawn to an old lady looking up to one of these evidences of his unbounded popularity, and how he heard her exclaim, "Ah, there he hangs! He hangs everywhere but where he ought to hang!" Such are the popular traditions, and such the general estimate by which John Wilkes has generally been known. Byron in his flippant way describes him as—

"A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite,"

and Southey, in graver terms—but really not much more worthy of our respect in this description, tells how—

"Him by the cast of his eye oblique, I knew as the fire-brand whom the unthinking populace held for their idol and hero."

Do we astonish the readers by putting amongst the most famous of protracted debates the celebrated Wilkeite riots? Protracted, surely enough they were; and we may be certain that a cause which fired some of the most ardent passages of Chatham's eloquence, and called forth some of the most scathing sarcasms and acclamations of "Junius," could not have begun and ended in the work of a mere charlatan. Is it not almost true that we are for the first time now generally reading those great agitations correctly? We may believe that there never was a greater scamp



than John Wilkes, but that which he represented, that which brought about all the strife and stir, was justice, righteousness, the frustration of the attempts at irresponsible and absolute power; and it is simply true, whether we like it or not, or choose it or not, that this John Wilkes must be regarded as one of the champions of English freedom; and "Wilkes and Liberty" was not so wild a cry as, perhaps, it for a long time seemed. The occasion and origin seemed trivial enough; but, after years of strife in the House, and riots all round the House in consequence, it was no empty boast when he wrote, "The two important decisions in the Court of Common Pleas and the Guildhall have secured for ever an Englishman's liberty and property; they have grown out of my firmness and the affair of the 'North Briton.'" But neither are we nor our posterity concerned whether John Wilkes or John A. Nokes wrote or published the "North Briton," or the "Essay on Woman."

We may talk of the distractions which vex our Senate, the agitations we have known recently within or without our House of Commons, and we may fancy that we have known in our day some rather remarkable election agitations; but we may rely upon it that they all look utterly insignificant when compared with those protracted confusions in which the name of Wilkes was a sort of charmed word with one large multitudinous class, who, whenever anything untoward happened in the House of Commons, believed that if "Maister Wilkes had been there, he'd have prevented it. They fellows knew that very well, and that was the reason why they wouldn't let he come among 'em." On the other hand, by king—for the king really personally interfered in the conflict—and court, and cabinet, with multitudes throughout the country, Wilkes was an execrated name, synonymous with everything that was most vilely French in principle, disreputable and atrocious in practice, and seditious in politics. It is quite noteworthy how important a person John Wilkes

has become quite recently, from many similar recitals of his story and the work which he, perhaps quite unconsciously and unintentionally, performed in the history of freedom, now nearly a hundred and fifty years since. We may mention Mr. Rae's interesting trilogy, "The Opposition under George III," and the very pleasant "Early History of Charles James Fox," by Mr. Trevelyan, which contains quite an admirable succinct account of the Wilkeite disturbances. It is curious to think that Wilkes, a bad man, paralysed the arm of oppression, and broke its power.

Righteous law is stronger to-day for the ultimate success which crowned him in the conflict. It has been well said that had Wilkes only possessed a private character as unquestionably good as was the sovereign's, it is doubtful what would have been the issue to the king; it is one of the most unpopular transactions and one of the most unwise in the story of the Government of George III. The whole case is eminently instructive, and all came about because Wilkes was supposed to have written two pieces, one of which only did him credit, No. 45 of the "North Briton," and the other the "Essay on Woman," which had never been published, and which it is now certain he never wrote.

There were wise counsellors who at the outset advised George III and his Cabinet to let Wilkes

alone; had he been let alone the king would have been saved one of the most humiliating trials of his life, and Wilkes would have been neither notorious nor famous. He was not a great public speaker, scarcely even a passable one. Had he been permitted to keep his seat in the House, he would, as so many since have done, have sunk into insignificance; but the king was determined that he should not sit, and the House expelled him, and expelled him again and again, and so John had "greatness thrust upon him." It can scarcely be said that he was either "born great," or that he "achieved greatness," but, by the unwisdom of men who were unable to see the issue,



JOHN WILKES.

[Hogarth.]

he was made a representative man; and there he stands and will stand, a bad man—not worse, nor so bad, as many of his persecutors; but while the names of many of these only awaken our contempt, Wilkes remains an integral part of the story of England in his times.

Is it worth while to say, in two or three words, how it all came about? Perhaps the fever had never raged so high but that it was associated with the malignities of private revenge. One of the prime and most malignant movers against Wilkes was the Earl of Sandwich; he especially attempted to rouse the interests of morality, denouncing the alleged immorality of the author of the "North Briton," and to seek to crush him by appealing to the moral instincts of those within, and without, the Houses of Legislature. In fact, Sandwich had one of the most infamous reputations of any public man of the time; but there had been a moment when he and Wilkes had been somewhat intimate friends. When a man's principles are bad it is exceedingly easy to him to shake off his friends should he desire to keep his principles. Sandwich had been expelled even from the Beef Steak Club for abominable blasphemy; and after he turned renegade to Wilkes, a practical joke played him by his former boon companion long rankled in his memory. There were private reasons, however, for the malignity of the earl, associated with scenes that are best buried in oblivion.

On the 20th of January, 1764, Wilkes was expelled from the House of Commons for his share in the "North Briton;" a few days after, the House of Lords voted him to be the author of the "Essay on Woman," and issued orders for the seizure of his person. Wilkes was really broken in health, and rather than suffer what would no doubt have been a long and an unjust imprisonment, he preferred to escape to France.

For some time, after these first transactions, Wilkes resided in Paris. He was outlawed, but, stormy petrel as he was, he perhaps preferred the manners of the city where, in his broken state of health, he could for some time rest with his daughter in peace, to the unquestionable roughness of London society in those days. The Duc de Livernois, ambassador and plenipotentiary from France, a man of literary tastes and polished habits, left our country about the same time, and exclaimed, it is said, on leaving the metropolis, "Quel roi! quel peuple! quel société!" It was not complimentary. But even in Paris persecutions followed Wilkes. Upon the eve of a general election he returned in 1768; nor had he been in the country long before the country knew it. He was an outlaw. The wise thing for the Government would have been to have forgotten that. Perhaps Wilkes made it impossible, although, to his credit, it should be mentioned that immediately on his landing he wrote an earnest and becoming letter to the king, sending it to the palace by his own footman, imploring him to "let bygones be bygones." Pity the king did not yield to his entreaties! Wilkes declared himself candidate first for the City of London. He was too late in the field, and here he lost; but he imme-

diately declared himself candidate for Middlesex, and was returned by an overwhelming majority. He surrendered himself as an outlaw before the jurisdiction of the King's Bench; the outlawry was reversed. Upon which occasion Lord Chief Justice Mansfield uttered one of the most magnificent pieces of judicial oratory ever heard from the Bench. Then it was he used that phrase which has been so often used since, but which no search into ancient authors seems to supply—"Fiat justitia ruat cælum."\* And it was then that he said, "I do not affect to scorn the opinion of mankind. I wish earnestly for popularity; I will seek and have popularity, but I will tell you how I will obtain it. I will have that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after!" But Mansfield was no friend to Wilkes, and upon the original charges against him for "Number 45," he sentenced him to two years' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand pounds. When the House was convened the crowds, supposing that nothing could prevent Wilkes from being conveyed thither, gathered in immense multitudes to escort him. They were mistaken. The riots were furious; blood was shed by the military, and Wilkes denounced the transaction as "a horrid massacre," and the letter which warranted it as "a bloody scroll!" And now, November 8th, 1768, he stood at the bar of the House to answer to the charge of having used such language. He indignantly avowed it; he lectured the House, and it again expelled him. So his seat was vacant, and a new writ was issued for Middlesex.

He was returned a second time, and with far greater enthusiasm than before. The House resolved—"That Mr. Wilkes, having been once expelled, was incapable of sitting in the same Parliament, and that the election was therefore void." Equally determined with the House of Commons, the electors of Middlesex chose him a third time. The election was again declared void by the Commons, and now a rival appeared on the hustings. Colonel Luttrell vacated one seat in Parliament in order to propose himself for Middlesex, being assured that he would find his seat. By an overwhelming majority Wilkes was returned again for the fourth time! The votes in his favour were 1,243, for Luttrell 290. The House declared after a debate, the wild storm of which we shall not now stay to describe, that Colonel Luttrell was duly elected! Wilkes was a good-natured man, of an easy, buoyant disposition. He was able to laugh at a great deal of this, but we venture to believe of him that he was really in earnest. It must be remembered that the principles he represented were two or three very simple ones, which have now for many years been recognised as the rights of all Englishmen. This persecution served him well, his popularity flourished; he recovered a verdict against Lord Halifax, at whose instance his house had been entered, with damages of £4,000.

The electors of the Ward of Farringdon chose

\* The nearest approach to the quotation is in the famous passage in Horace about the just man, firm in purpose; even if the world were shattered around him, "impavidum ferient ruinae."

him as their alderman, and in January, 1770, in the House of Lords, Pitt, who was now Earl of Chatham, said he came forth from his retirement, never having intended again to take part in public affairs, to lift up his voice against the invasion of the liberty of the subject—not in distant provinces, but at home. He "was not able," he said, "to entertain the smallest doubt that the present universal discontent of the nation arises from the proceedings of the House of Commons in the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes," and the earl proposed "that they should immediately address the king upon the matter, calling upon him to restore Mr. Wilkes, and at the same time urging the dissolution of the incompetent House." And so upon this question both Chambers were rent. In the Lower House Lord North moved—"That the judgment of this House in the case of John Wilkes was agreeable to the law of the land, and fully authorised by the practice of Parliament," failing in his first movement, and the question floundering along. On the 1st of May, the same year, the Earl of Chatham came down to the House of Lords with a Bill "for reversing the adjudications of the House of Commons, whereby John Wilkes, Esq., has been adjudged incapable of being elected a Member to serve in this present Parliament, by which the freeholders of Middlesex have been deprived of one of their legal representatives."

The Bill was negatived, but the earl, swathed in his blankets and wielding his crutch, while giving utterance to some of his fiery and tremendous invectives, hurled about him some of those words which have never been forgotten, and still continue to be some of the chosen watchwords of the lovers of English freedom. But it was not yet that Wilkes was to be restored to the House. In 1774 he was elected Lord Mayor of London, and when the general election came that same year he was, for the fifth time, returned as member for Middlesex; and although he had done nothing meanwhile to pacify king, court, or cabinet, he was at last permitted to take his seat. Also in the interim some circumstances had happened in the House of Commons connected with the liberty of the press, of which we will attempt to give some account in a subsequent paper.

It is curious now to attempt to realise how judgments, which seemed at the time to carry immense weight with them, in the course of a few years were revoked by Acts which waited upon and were compelled to obey the sense of justice in public opinion. While Wilkes was in Paris, Parliament had carried a motion that "Number 45" should be burned by the common hangman, but, in attempting to do this, the hangman narrowly escaped himself the ignominious fate to which he was about to consign the unfortunate pamphlet; while Williams, its printer, who had been sentenced to stand in the pillory, was conveyed thither in a coach, bearing "No. 45" as a crest; the mob guarded the pillory, cheering and huzzaing all the time, instead of pelting, and

a collection was made on the spot, which yielded, for the intended sufferer, two hundred pounds. In a higher court than that of the mob, the great Sir John Pratt, afterwards Earl Camden, one of the brightest ornaments of the English Bench, declared General Warrants illegal, and Wilkes obtained a verdict of a thousand pounds against Robert Wood for his official share in the transaction of the General Warrants. It is not often that the claims of martyrs are so soon recognised. But so it was, that while in his own day he rose to honour and wealth, holding the post of Chamberlain of the City of London, we suppose persons, the framework of whose political creed is very unlike that of Mr. Gladstone, will believe that our great minister has not exaggerated in his declaration that the name of Wilkes, whether we choose it or not, must be enrolled among those of the great champions of English freedom. As we have implied, all the actions of Government against him in the end completely broke down. As we have already seen, the sentence of outlawry was revoked, and he was permitted to take his place in the House of Commons. He was elected Lord Mayor of London, and was really a very courtly Lord Mayor. It was then when the king inquired after an old companion of Wilkes, also not unknown to us—Serjeant Glynn—speaking of him "as an old political friend," Wilkes replied, "Oh, no, sir, Glynn was always a Wilkeite, which your Majesty knows I never was." He never, however, forfeited the confidence of the people; his votes in the House were such as we, perhaps, now should generally heartily commend. It is Horace Walpole who relates the anecdote of two women talking of him with some admiration; one, however, said to the other, "But he does squint!" to which the other replied, "Squints? Well, if he does, it is not more than a man should squint!" The last years of his life abound in good sayings attributed to him, and when the king's mind gave way, and clouded down in the darkness of his sad disease, Wilkes's words were of loyalty and sympathy for the sovereign who had followed him with a persecution so unwarrantable and unwise. Nor ought it to be forgotten that before this he had shown himself one of the most active and vigorous in attempting to repress the Gordon riots.

On the whole the episode of John Wilkes forms one of the most memorable chapters in the history of the English House of Commons; it is not merely because it was a debate protracted so long, and a debate so often renewed, and not merely because it illustrates what a wrong-headed thing even a House of Commons can be sometimes; it is more remarkable because it settled some questions. General Warrants have, we believe, never been issued since, and we have to refer back to these times and proceedings in the House of Commons for the first distinctly permitted and unchallenged publication both of the speakers and their names. But of this we shall say more in a following paper.



# When We were Young together.



VOICE. *Moderato.* *f* Dear But

PIANO. *f* *p* *f*

wife, it is our wed-ding day, And through the fa-ding track . . That marks the well - re -  
time, dear one, must hast - en on What - ev - er else be - tide, . . And twen - ty chequered

mem-ber'd way, My thoughts are fly - ing back. . . It seems not long since  
springs have gone Since you be - came my bride. . . Aye, twen - ty change - ful

you and I Met in the fair June weath - er, A strip-ling bold, a  
years or so Have run their course, and wheth - er They bring us weal or

maid - en shy, When we were young to - geth - er, When we were young to -  
bring us woe, We greet them still to - geth - er, We greet them still to -

1st verse. 2nd verse. Più lento. p  
geth - er. geth - er. Your heart is fond as when we knelt Our

1st verse. 2nd verse. Più lento. p

cres.  
mut - ual troth to plight, . . . And half the sor - rows we have felt Your

cres.

smile has ren - dered light. With tru - est love a guid - ing star, No

*sfs*

storm was hard to weath - er, And age comes gent - ly while we are To .

*f* *p*

geth - er, wife, to - geth - er, And age comes gent - ly while we are To .

*f*

geth - er, wife, to - geth - er, to - geth - - - er, to -

*accel. poco.* *p rall.*

geth - er, wife, to - geth - er.

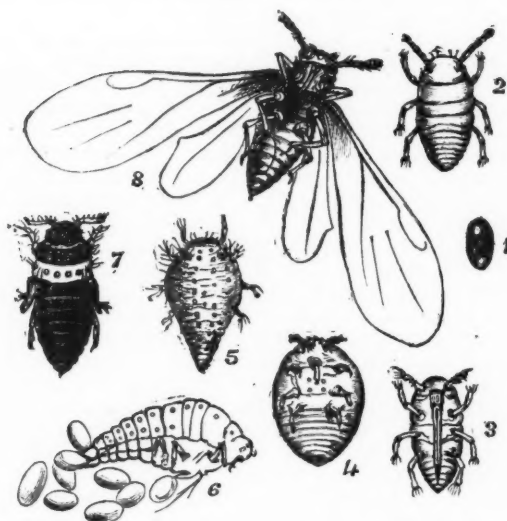
*a tempo.* *p rall.* FINE.

THE  
a four  
fruit,  
grapes  
Lik  
expos  
from  
The  
by an  
know  
group  
rose-t  
of fea  
effort  
throu  
some  
as di  
year  
A  
Scien  
of thi  
hund  
disco  
has n  
have



## THE NEW VINE PEST

(*Phylloxera vastatrix*).



1, Egg. 2, Young insect before moulting. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, Changes after becoming subterranean, and showing some of the numerous metamorphoses. 8, Winged insect.

The length of the egg (1) in natural size is about a quarter of a millimètre (a millimètre being the thousandth part of a mètre). The mètre is nearly equal to 39½ inches.

[From Engraving in Slettiner Entomologische Zeitung.]

THE culture of the vine is one of the most important industries in many countries of Europe. Not only is the juice of the grape a fountain of wealth, but the trade in the dried fruit, raisins and "currants," as the dried young grapes are called, is of vast extent.

Like all other plants useful to man, the vine is exposed to injuries from various causes, especially from insect pests.

The French vineyards are at present devastated by an enemy more destructive than any hitherto known. It is an insect belonging to the same group as the common green aphis, the pest of rose-trees, and, like it, endowed with the power of fearfully rapid multiplication. In spite of all efforts, the disease caused by this pest is spreading throughout Europe, and already has caused, in some districts of France, a destruction as complete as did the potato-disease in Ireland before the year of the famine.

A Special Commission of the Academy of Science has been charged with the investigation of this new agricultural plague. A reward of two hundred thousand francs (£8,000), offered for the discovery of an effective protection to the vine, has not yet been awarded. Many experiments have been tried, and some claims presented.

Before giving an account of these, it might be interesting to recall some plagues to which the vine has been in previous times subject.

The principal of these are enumerated in the learned and comprehensive treatise on entomology by Messrs. Kirby and Spence. There is a separate department of that work on the injuries caused to man by insects. These are enumerated under the various plants and fruits affected, and the principal vine pests are thus described:—

"There is a singular beetle, common in Hungary (*Lethrus Cephalotes*), which gnaws off the young shoots of the vine and drags them backward into its burrow, where it feeds upon them. On this account the country people wage continual war with it, destroying vast numbers. Five other beetles also attack this noble plant; three of them, mentioned by French authors—*Rhynchites Bacchus*, *Eumolpus vitis*, and *Haltica oleracea*—devour the young shoots, the foliage and the footstalks of the fruit, so that the latter is prevented from coming to maturity; a fourth (*C. corruptor* Host), by a German, which seems closely allied to *Otiorynchus notatus*, before mentioned, if it be not the same insect, which destroys the young vines, often killing them the first year, and is accounted so terrible an enemy to them, that not only the animals, but

even their eggs, are searched for and destroyed, and to forward this work people often call in the assistance of their neighbours. And a fifth, *Otiorynchus sulcatus*, also occasionally does considerable injury to the vine in this country by gnawing off the young shoots. Various lepidopterous larvae are still more injurious to the vine. In the Crimea the small caterpillar of a *Procris* or *Ino* (genera separated from *Sphinx* L.) is a most destructive enemy. As soon as the buds open in the spring it eats its way into them, especially the fruit-buds, and devours the germ of the grape. Two or three of these caterpillars will so injure a vine, by creeping from one germ to another, that it will bear no fruit nor produce a single regular shoot the succeeding year. In Italy, especially in Piedmont and Tuscany, the vines are often devastated by the larva of another species of the same genus, *Procris ampelophaga* Passerini; in Germany a different species does great injury to the young branches, preventing their expansion by the webs in which it involves them; and a fourth (*Tortrix fasciana*) makes the grapes themselves its food. A similar insect is alluded to in the threat contained in the Book of Deuteronomy, while in France it is the caterpillar of a small moth, the *Tortrix vitana* Bosc. (*Pyrallis vitana* and *Pillerana* Fab., *P. danticana* Walck.), which does the most injury by gnawing the footstalk of the leaves and branches of grapes. The worst pest of the vine in this country is the *Coccus* (*C. vitis*). This animal, which fortunately is not sufficiently hardy to endure the common temperature of our atmosphere, sometimes so abounds upon those that are cultivated in stoves and greenhouses that their stems seem quite covered with little locks of white cotton, which appearance is caused by a filamentous secretion transpiring through the skin of the animal, in which they envelop their eggs. Where they prevail they do great injury to the plant by subtracting the sap from its foliage and fruit. According to M. Walckenaer, in his elaborate and learned 'Essay on the Insects Injurious to the Vine' (Ann. Soc. Ent. de France, iv. 687), it is the *Coccus adonidum* which is injurious to vines in hothouses in France, while the *Coccus vitis* attacks those in the open air.

"All these pests," says a recent French writer, "have had their time of fearful celebrity, but they, at all events, made their attacks in a fair and open manner, attacking the visible parts of the plants, so that the vine-dresser was almost immediately informed of their presence. But this new scourge the phylloxera attacks the roots, and when the malady appears the vine is dead or dying.

Thanks to the exertions of naturalists, the history of this devastating insect is admirably described at the present time. We know that its body measures the fourth part of a millimetre, or the tenth of an English inch; that its colour is changeable, and that at the commencement of its long sleep, in winter it puts on a brown clothing, which hides its appearance. We know that a single female, laying in March, can produce in six months twenty-five thousand millions of grubs. The offspring continue to reproduce spontaneously for successive generations, the number of eggs

produced gradually diminishing, when a fresh development occurs to restore the power and fertility of the race, and the winged insect gives birth to the progenitors of new generations, to multiply in the same manner, i.e., by parthenogenetic reproduction, after the nature of aphides. We know that the roots are covered with knots and protuberances, which are plainly seen on the figure at the end of this paper. Yes; we know all this. Naturalists have taught us everything except the means of getting rid of this pest. It is this practical inquiry which has most interest for the general reader.

We may well imagine that the learned have earnestly worked in order to prevent the destruction of the vines. The phylloxera has two existences—the one subterranean, the other aerial. The aerial insect is scarcely ever to be caught. On the other hand, it is possible to reach the grub when it is attached to the roots of the vine. The means hitherto proposed to destroy it are reduced to three—drowning, sanding, and poisoning.

The submersion of the vines has produced some good results, but it requires immense quantities of water, and cannot be applied except to vines on level ground or on hills of small elevation.

The river sand of the Comargin (used about the stock of the vine) has produced a real improvement, but this process can be of very partial application.

Many ways of poisoning the grub have been proposed. The various gases, the heavy destructive vapours, have been tried; the most violent poisons have been submitted to experiment. Unfortunately these heroic remedies act like certain violent medicines that cure the malady and kill the patient. We well remember the story of the doctor who, in consultation by the side of a dying patient, boasted to the friends of the surprising success of his treatment. 'But, doctor,' timidly remarked one of them, 'our uncle is dead notwithstanding.' 'No doubt,' replied the disciple of Hippocrates, 'but the disease is cured!' Whilst one after the other remedy is tried, the vine is perishing from day to day. Official documents inform us that in 1879 the result of the vintage in France gave only twenty-five millions and a half hectolitres, which makes a difference of at least twenty-three millions less than that of 1878, and of nearly thirty millions less than the average of the last ten years! It ought, however, to be added, that besides the two scourges which harass our vineyards—namely, the phylloxera and the oidium—they suffered last year from some particularly destructive atmospherical perturbations.

Some years ago, one of our most distinguished men, M. Pasteur, declared that we could not destroy the phylloxera but by finding for this purpose a rival insect. We might, for example, introduce to the vine an insect—a parasite—capable of destroying the phylloxera without injuring the grape. Well, but where can we find this mushroom insect which will consent to play the rôle of the gardener's dog? To prevent the vine from being eaten, and not to eat it at the same time, seems

above the strength of a parasite. M. Pasteur's idea is that of expelling one pest by another. The yeast fungus has wonderful power of diffusing itself, and the inoculation of the vine with it might protect from the phylloxera. Good results followed this experiment in the silkworm disease, but the trial of the same remedy with the vine has not been successful as yet. Perhaps the vine cultivators, by introducing this rival protector, would imitate the gardener, of whom La Fontaine has written, who complained to his landlord of the destruction made by a hare in his garden. We know the story. The landlord and his servants take possession of the gardener's grounds, drink his wine, then begin the chase; destroy the garden, while they pursue the hare, and at last kill it, after having made more havoc in one hour than all the hares of the province would have done in a hundred years.

Other learned men have thought that fire must be made use of; others propose a gentler remedy. Failing to destroy the phylloxera, it might perhaps be possible to offer it a nourishment quite as pleasant but less expensive. It seems that by cultivating asparagus or ricinus between the stocks of a vine we attract the phylloxera to these new plants, which are devoured, but which in this manner rid the vines of their enemy. This new process, which is now being tried, will perhaps furnish a solution of the problem. We cannot tell for certain. It is to be hoped that our vines will be rapidly disencumbered of their enemy, for as we have already said, and we cannot too often repeat it, our national wealth is at this period in jeopardy."

After all, we have more hope in natural than in artificial remedies. It is often found that human interference with the arrangements of animal life do more harm than benefit. Many a time the destruction of birds as the supposed foes of the farmer have left the ground free for the worse devastations of unchecked insect life. In a recent newspaper article, commenting on some of Sir John Lubbock's entomological observations, the writer says:—"While men have been devising scientific schemes for the amelioration of insect plagues, and fondly imagining that upon ourselves has rested the burden of keeping the animal world within proper limits, the insects have themselves taken the matter in hand, and been actively carrying into effect the plans and suggestions which, if left to us, would never have got beyond the preliminary stages of consideration. In the orchard, the fruit farmer watches with lamentation the depredation of the wasps among his plums, and his children come crying to him with the tale of their sufferings, how they picked up a fallen pear and were stung by the wasp inside. Yet all this time, so naturalists tell us, there are wasps that sting wasps and hornets that lie in wait among the tempting fruit to carry off or decapitate the smaller

depredators. In the hot summer days flies annoy us, but it is a comfort to know that whenever they sit down on bushes their enemies are on the watch for them, that not only spiders catch and eat them, but winged things of their own kind devour them readily. The cockroach is an abomination in a kitchen, but if he ventures to walk abroad the *Pompilus* takes him by the nose, and, having stung him senseless, drags him away to some convenient chink that serves it for a larder. The spiders that creep about where they have no business to be, and spin threads across pathways, so as to catch the faces of passers-by, are constantly beset by fly foes, who treat them with a delightful contempt, using their fat, round bodies to lay their eggs in, and even storing them up like apples to feed the young flies when they are hatched. The caterpillars that destroy our vegetables and work havoc in the flower garden are not the irresponsible tyrants that they seem, for they go in mortal terror of their lives all day long, not only from other caterpillars that eat them, but from a number of winged creatures that take a truculent delight in their tender bodies. The beetle which we call a cockchafer, and which in France does almost incredible damage, has another beetle told off to it, whose only duty is to hunt and kill it. The wheat-fly, snug though it thinks itself, tucked up inside the husks of the grain, is found out by a special fly whose whole work in life is to lay its eggs in the other's body; and even the gall-flies inside their secret chambers, the clover-fly hidden in the little flower, and the wireworm under ground are each of them the particular objects of pursuit and slaughter to appointed insects. To this complete chain of crime and punishment man can add nothing, but he can at any rate take the broad hint which the insects give him, and assist them to indulge their beneficial appetites."

We only hope that the *Phylloxera vastatrix* may speedily meet with its insect antidote.



PHYLLOXERA ON VINE ROOT.



## NOTES FROM BRITTANY.

### III.—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.



**A**MONG the Bretons, when signs of approaching death appear, a mass is said to decide the cure or the immediate death of the sick person. The bed is sprinkled with holy water, and a consecrated wax taper is lit, with which they make the sign of the cross three times upon the dying relative. Should he after this seem to revive, they extinguish the taper to light it again the moment the danger reappears. This double operation is repeated until death actually takes place, when the taper is extinguished, and the sheets and feather-bed are thrown over to cover the entire body out of sight. They now occupy themselves with the burial, which takes place the day after death. The body is placed in the *chapelle ardente*, decorated with many embroideries, ribbons arranged in crosses, and with all that they can get together in the way of saints' images, relics, and chaplets. Add to this the tall wax tapers, which are arranged in a row all around, to illuminate the darkened room where the corpse lies. Hence the appellation *chapelle ardente*, or lighted chapel. The corpse lies there exposed until all the relatives of the deceased are informed of his death.

The neighbours hasten to be present at the "wakes," still observed in Brittany, to sing and pray in turn, as well as to eat and drink. One of their first cares, when some one dies under a Breton roof, is to make preparations for feasting the visitors upon pancakes. Sometimes the crowd is so large that many of the guests have to retire into the barns. Grief does not alter the Bretons more than pleasure, for on these melancholy occasions even the guests become completely intoxicated. We have often seen sobs changed into ecstasies of joy, and dancing indulged in not far from the place where the corpse lay.

The priests, be it said, have sought to put a stop to such a scandal by strictly forbidding young girls to attend these wakes. The beggars of the neighbourhood, those inevitable witnesses of all the joys and griefs of the Breton family, never fail to be present at the wakes, in expectation of obtaining some of the deceased's belongings.

As the hour fixed for the funeral approaches, all except the family withdraw, when, in the presence of the nearest relatives, who have listened to the last adieu of the dying, a heartrending scene is witnessed: the fatal winding-sheet is sewn up around the body, and the body itself, amidst mournful sounds, placed and nailed up in the coffin—a new and last separation. Long prayers are uttered while the body is yet exposed. A

pillow is placed under the head, and a cross on its breast. After the coffin is nailed other prayers are ejaculated.

The moment of departure arrived, they fix the coffin upon a cart, having its sides taken away. The cart is drawn by a pair of oxen yoked to the rude, massive shaft, and a horse to lead. These are guided by two men, silent and bareheaded, like all the assistants, one holding the bridle and the other the yoke. The use of the whip and goad is strictly forbidden during the whole of the march. The poor beasts are credited with the virtue of rendering willing service to the dead.

However impracticable the road may be, it is this one they must follow, for it is from time immemorial the way of the dead, and the sons must pass by the way their ancestors have passed.

The tailors, who laugh at everything, relate the following story: A husband carrying his wife to be buried, who was a most peevish woman, refused to allow the funeral train to cross his field, lest later on the public might claim a right of passage, for, according to an old proverb, a dead body passing over a field opens a public path. He therefore ordered them to follow the ordinary route, a horrible road, where the jolting was such as to wake up to life the so-called dead woman, who was only in a trance. After tormenting her husband for another three years, she died in reality, and he, remembering the jolting, preferred to risk the right of passage to a new resurrection of his scolding wife, and so caused the funeral train to pass smoothly over his field.

In the country districts the priest, as a rule, meets the *cortège* only at the entrance of the cemetery, which generally surrounds the church, and contents himself with sending to the deceased's house the sacred water and the cross, which are carried by a boy in a white surplice, immediately behind the corpse. In the towns of Brittany the priests walk bareheaded and in white muslin mantles before the body, and are followed by surpliced choristers, who tinkle a bell and sing a refrain for the dead at intervals. There are also cases when, from the utter impassableness of the road, the coffin is borne on horseback, as in the illustration.

The custom of wearing mourning varies according to the localities. In Cornouaille, a part of Finistère, the rich peasants are in mourning for a year. They wear garments embroidered with black, black stockings, and a simple band of black velvet around the broad-brimmed hat. For the women a black apron is a distinctive sign. Their head-dresses and their collars should be brand new. In some parts they die them yellow, in others blue.

A BRETON FUNERAL.



They also wear black capes, which are lent by them to each other when not rich enough to procure them.

The nearest relatives hold the corners of the pall—four men when a man is being buried, four women when it is a woman. The sons, like every one else, follow the coffin to the grave.

The Feast of the Dead is one of the most touching in the country, celebrated during the dark month of November, which the Church has chosen in which to think of, and to pray for them. The

Bretons spend the greater part of that day upon the graves of those whom they have lost, and there are special services in the churches. They believe that on that night those whom they mourn quit the cemetery, in order to visit the places where they have lived and shared the food of the living. When the evening service is terminated, and each one has reached home, the tables are spread with pancakes and other eatables, and abandoned by the living in order that the dead may regale themselves upon them.

### THE PUBLICATION OF THE BANNIS.

**I**N one of the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe a sad event occurred, which made a deep impression at the time, and which has lately been recalled to memory. A young advocate of great talent and promise, Charles Leclerc, had obtained an official appointment, and was on the point of being married to a young lady, amiable and beautiful. She was the daughter of a widow, whose husband had been his father's friend. He had been long engaged to her, and their true attachment had been both an incentive to industry and a protection to virtue, amidst the excitements and temptations of Parisian student life. One evening he was in a *café* in the Quartier Latin, seeing for the last time some of his college companions. It was a period of political strife, and during the general conversation high words passed between Leclerc and a military man who was present. The dispute ended, as is too often the case, with insult and violence, and the result was a challenge. They met next morning, and Charles Leclerc fell, mortally wounded by the ball of one who was a practised shot and a professed duellist. Charles had borne no malice, and fired his pistol in the air. He would willingly have made explanation or even apology, had not the false sense of honour restrained him, fearful of being accused of cowardice. The friend who supported him said that in his last minutes he heard him murmur the name of his affianced and beloved Clara.

Scenes of this tragic kind were more frequent formerly than they are now, though still too frequent in lands boasting their Christian civilisation. The death of Leclerc made a sensation for a few days among those to whom the affair was known, but was soon forgotten in the busy stir of events of wider interest. So is it ever in the world; private griefs and regrets are soon unheeded, but all the more they are kept with tender and deep remembrance by those to whom the lost were dear. And in this case there was a more touching and lasting memorial, of which a record remains in the literature of the time.

Years ago, says a well-known author, one fine morning in spring, there were many carriages in the Place des Petits Pères, and crowds of people

were near the church, to enjoy the sight of a marriage. There are idlers who always gather on such occasions, and in this instance the betrothed, young and handsome, was known to be the heiress of a great name and a great fortune.

But in this crowd there was a young girl who was more than an idle and curious spectator. She also was betrothed, and in a few days she was to be the principal person of the solemn drama that religion surrounds with its pomp. Her heart was beating violently, but when she heard the decisive "Yes," she seemed relieved. One might have said that she had feared not to see the accomplishment of the religious ceremony.

After the service the girl conducted her mother out of the church, and proceeded towards the *mairie* of the district.

"Well, Clara, you silly girl, where are you taking me now?" said her mother, smiling. "Come on, then," and they entered into the dark passage which they must traverse in order to arrive at the office of the magistrate. Clara stopped before the board placed there for the publishing of banns and other official notices. Then she read aloud the part which announced her approaching marriage.

"Well," said her mother to her, "are you satisfied? This is at least the sixth time that you have brought me here."

"In a few days it will be my turn," replied the girl, clasping her mother's arm. She fell on her neck, kissed her, and immediately tears came from her eyelids and rolled on her cheeks.

"Silly!" said her mother, a second time; "I will tell Charles that you cried on coming here."

"Oh, pray don't tell him, he will only scold me and think me foolish. Well, I am silly, you are quite right in saying that I am silly." She wiped her eyes, and then went out of the dark passage.

On passing before the church she looked at the porch, and then said again to her mother, "In a few days it will be my turn."

But days, months, and years have come, and Clara's turn has not yet arrived. Many marriages have taken place since that time in the church of the Petits Pères; many betrothed have traversed it



with virgin crowns. One marriage ceremony alone has been announced by the municipal board and not yet been celebrated in the neighbouring church. This marriage was Clara's. What power, then, has ruined the expectation of Clara, of silly Clara, who laughed and cried, fifteen years ago, in the dark passage of the *mairie*? Who has betrayed her hopes, and forbidden her access to the temple where she had, so to say, invested herself with an imposing ceremony? Was it her lover that had been unfaithful and failed to keep the sacred trust? Ah! no, Charles Leclerc was faithful. But it was on that very day that Clara, the "silly" Clara, had drawn from her mother an expression of impatience and surprise, that Charles lay cold in death, shot in a duel.

How the tidings came to the widow and her daughter is not known to us, but the effect was that poor Clara for a time was as one that was dead. When the crisis of her illness passed, her health was partly restored, but the mind was hopelessly gone. She is really now "silly Clara," and her mother, in calling her so, had no longer to fear contradiction. The terribly cruel truth bears doleful testimony to her state, and it only remains for the sorrowful mother to tend with gentlest care her afflicted child.

Yet even in her desolateness she cherishes some illusions which prevent the misery of despair. Her insanity is tranquil, perhaps even happy, because it is brightened by hope, even though it be a false hope! She despairs not of life and of happiness, and is ever expecting the celebration of that marriage whose crown once decked her head! During fifteen years she has not failed a single day to go to the gate of the *mairie*, in order to

consult the board of the publication of banns. She goes there alone, for her mother is now dead. She reads there aloud the announcement of her marriage, which her imagination makes her see on the board. She withdraws with regret from the place which is for her full of charms, and in withdrawing she exclaims, "To-morrow it will be my turn!"

But nobody has ever seen her enter into the church, where she formerly assisted at a marriage ceremony. Who knows but that on perceiving a shroud, or on hearing the mournful dirges, the hymns of death, she might give up her pleasing delusion for the reality of despair? Oh! then "it would be her turn," but her turn to die.

Thus passes the life of the betrothed of Charles, whilst he sleeps in his tomb. Long ago, very long ago, have those graces with which youth embellished her departed. The freshness of her cheeks has given place to the impress of the leaden seal of a premature old age. But in her haggard eyes shines still a spark of the fire which formerly animated them. When she pronounces the name of her dearly beloved Charles you might say that she has seized upon a moment of her former state—that she has gone back to the time of her youth. It is because she still loves, and because hope still lives in her breast.

But soon, very soon, will cease her walks to the Place des Petits Pères, and her visits to the board of municipal announcements. The hour is coming and the fatal time will sound for her also. Poor girl, if complete recovery is impossible, and higher consolation in submission to the will of God is denied to you, may you retain your illusions! They are a merciful alleviation of your sad fate.

## Devonshire in the Four Seasons.

### SPRING.

DEVONIA! thou art beautiful when SPRING calls forth  
her flowers,  
In glade and grove refreshing thee with her delicious showers;  
When o'er thy Tors and thy deep dales she sheds her sweetest  
smile,  
And makes all Nature glow with life and loveliness the  
while;  
When the birds pour out their carols in floods of joyous  
song,  
And Echo catches every note its sweetness to prolong.

### SUMMER.

Beautiful, O! beautiful, when the SUMMER sun is high,  
And nothing but a passing cloud obscures thy azure sky;  
When the balmy breeze breathes fragrance o'er thy hills and  
vales below,  
And man's heart gladdens to behold thy scenes with beauty  
glow;  
When yachts enliven all thy seas like things of conscious  
life,  
And sail along thy placid bays with mirth and music rife.

### AUTUMN.

And, O! 'tis sweet, methinks, to see thy many charms unfold,  
When all thy fertile fields are cloth'd with grain of richest  
gold;  
When AUTUMN's lengthen'd shadows fall on mountain and  
on lea,  
And the reaper sings his grateful song in happiness and glee;  
When the forest boughs put on their robes of yellow and of  
brown,  
And Nature seems to sleep the while she wears her fading  
crown.

### WINTER.

But fairer still, nor loved the less, is thy immortal dower,  
When WINTER wraps the earth in gloom, and re-asserts his  
power;  
The Ice-king from the frozen North, with snowstorms and  
with gales,  
Comes rarely in his fiercest mood to blight thy sheltered vales;  
But bracing airs and sunny skies make e'en that season dear,  
And give a tone of joyousness to the closing of the year.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT.

## HEALTHY HOUSES.



THE healthiness of a house depends on a variety of things. There are differences of soil and situation, of form and of construction, affecting its fitness for human habitation. Architects and builders can do their part of the work well or ill; and the occupier, whether as tenant or purchaser, must see to all this before taking possession. *Caveat emptor* is a caution to be given as to a house more than any other purchase. But supposing a house in itself to be blameless, well built and well drained, standing upon good soil and with good foundation, roomy and convenient in construction and beautiful in situation, it may still be unhealthy, for lack of attention to things altogether under the control of the tenant. Some practical hints may be useful.

**COSTLESS VENTILATION.**—Pure air is less dependent on cubic space than on efficient ventilation, which may be secured by the following simple and economical method:—Raise the lower sash of the window two or three inches, and fill the opening underneath the bottom rail with a piece of wood; this leaves a corresponding space between the meeting rails in the middle of the window, through which a current of air enters, and is directed towards the ceiling, whence impure air should escape by a valvular opening.\*

**PURE WATER.**—Cardinal Manning, in lately speaking for a deputation of working men to the Home Secretary, stated that he could bear testimony to the evils endured by their class by reason of the unwholesome character of the water supply, and as they were all water drinkers could speak with some weight on this subject; the two points specially referred to were—1st, an increased death rate, believed to be attributable to the quality of the water; and 2nd, that which was now acknowledged on all sides to be a great evil, the immense prevalence of drunkenness, which they believed to be promoted by the impure state of the water supply. "The repulsiveness of the water of London was one of the great hindrances to efforts made to induce men to abstain from intoxicating drinks." And the chairman of the London School Board speaks both as to the bad quality of the water and the bad storage provided for it in the dwellings of the poor, who "cannot have pure water to drink, and to my certain knowledge this is the reason why many go to the public-house."

**WATER CISTERNS.**—It is much more easy and much more the fashion for the British householder

to grumble at others than to protect himself; and some of the richest clubs, the most scientific societies, and most distinguished and intellectual residents of London are much more active in abusing the water supply of the metropolis than in taking care that the excellent water which some of the London companies supply is not fouled by the neglect of their own cisterns. Would you be surprised to learn that the water-cistern of one of our oldest medical societies was found in an abominably filthy state from the neglect of years? and that at a club and at a hotel, the respective waiter and porter being drowned in the upper water-cistern, it was not until the water was found to have too much body in it that the decomposing corpses were discovered? Common sense would therefore tell us that water-butts and cisterns are not intended to be hidden, or left in a back yard or on a roof exposed to pollution by every kind of aerial or volatile abomination—not to speak of accidental solid impurities, as rats, mice, beetles, cockroaches, and "such small deer"—and that they need to be inspected and cleansed once a quarter at least.

**FILTERS.**—These require intelligent supervision. Day after day impurities of one sort or another collect in the filtering substance, "and in the course of a short time the suspended matter in the filter is in a state of putrescence." The managing head of the family must see that the household filter is constantly subjected to a thorough cleansing and oxygenization. It will not suffice to devolve the performance of this duty on the discretion of servants.

**DUSTBINS.**—At least two-thirds of the ordinary contents of dustbins should be consumed in the kitchen fire; at present it forms a too convenient receptacle for all kinds of refuse matters, including kitchen *débris*, and so, in a large number of instances, these receptacles, especially in hot weather, become excessively foul, and an abominable nuisance. If you clean them, possibly your neighbour does not—close under parlour windows is the old familiar smell; while the big D, long and obtrusively displayed, is a letter the dustmen "don't at all understand," when inconvenient or a "dry job." Now, contractors, instead of paying for it, require to be paid for its removal, to the great inflammation of the rates. All organic refuse should be burnt, and the rest, if possible, be removed daily. In Edinburgh the ashes are placed overnight in the street, in a box or bucket, emptied by the dustmen who go round in the early morning, as is also done in some continental cities, particularly in Paris. An admirable plan

\* "Sanitary Appliances," by Dr. P. Hinckes Bird (Marsh and Co.).

has lately been adopted at Leeds—the burning up the heterogeneous refuse collected by the scavenging department of the Corporation. It is tumbled into the furnaces—pots and pans, crockery and earthenware, stones and brickbats, all going in—being either burnt up bodily or so purified as to be no longer offensive. No coal is used; the draught of air is so strong and the heat so fierce that the furnaces roar and blaze away, the material poured in at the top being sufficient to keep the “destructor” going. There are six furnaces or “cells.” These are regularly raked up by the men in charge, who pull out the masses of refuse. Amidst the burnt stuff are iron pots and pans, which are picked out, placed in a heap, and sold at 25s. a ton. Attached to the works are a couple of mills, driven by a fourteen-horse steam-engine, in which capital mortar is made. The slag which collects in the furnaces is ground into a fine sand and is utilised for the purpose. With the exception of the pots, pans, and tin canisters, everything is either burned or ground up on the works and made useful in some way. Above the furnaces are a couple of orifices, covered with iron, into which deceased animals can be put and their bodies be rapidly consumed. During the month of December last, more than 1,090 tons of refuse were thus disposed of.

**ISOLATION.**—In *Leviticus* (chap. xv.) we find an officer of health endowed with absolute authority to separate the sick from the healthy, and also to isolate infected persons so completely as to prevent the disease from spreading further. Shakespeare, also, who was great in sanitary matters as in all else, observes—

“Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,  
Spread further.”—*Coriolanus*, act iii., sc. i.

Yet even now health resorts, dependent for their material prosperity on a clean bill of health, hesitate to appoint a medical officer of health, and still keep the question of providing a building for isolation of infectious disease “under consideration.” One is tempted to ask why should not the system of immediate and compulsory isolation be adopted in the case of man as in that of animals.

**DISINFECTANTS.**—“Purification by fire,” or strong heat, as its very derivation implies, is the most thorough, all the other expedients being of more or less dubious value. According to the latest and most complete experiments, the inexpensive and old-fashioned chloride of lime is far ahead of all the new-fangled, curiously-named, patent and expensive antiseptics. Carbolic acid, guilty of weekly poisonings, is not a disinfectant,—not a destroyer of organic matter, but rather an antiseptic—a preserver of organic matter. The American National Board, in their report on disinfectants, with special reference to the yellow-fever epidemic, while strongly enforcing the need of fresh air and cleanliness, declare that the very old-fashioned remedy, described by ancient Homer,

of fumigating with sulphur, is the only one suited to house disinfection. We find Ulysses, after killing the suitors, calling upon his old nurse Eurycleia to bring him sulphur and fire, that he might fumigate the palace.

Although I proposed chiefly to give details to be attended to by householders, I conclude by referring to some matters of public importance.

**A SANITARY DEPARTMENT OF STATE, AND A MINISTER OF HEALTH.**—Lord Beaconsfield has, I believe, to answer for the much-hackneyed motto, “*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas.*” It was his remark also that “Pure air, pure water, the inspection of unhealthy habitations, the adulteration of food—these and many kindred matters may be legitimately dealt with by the Legislature. The first consideration of a minister should be the health of the people.” Good words, but followed by few practical reforms. The appointment of a Minister of Public Health still very much looms in the distance. Such a minister ought to have large powers, and officers of health ought to be in every district, in connection with the departmental or Central Board of Health.

There is still a vast amount of private indifference to public health. Many are the large country houses in which every principle of sanitary science is set at defiance; and if well-to-do people will not take the trouble to spend the money to make their own houses wholesome, it is not likely they will be more liberal in either respect when the houses of the poor are concerned. The houses, then, of the better classes require inspection just as much as cottages—perhaps more so, for in the latter the evil is more readily apparent.

Even when the house is put in first-rate sanitary order, all the arrangements require constant intelligent supervision. For instance, in a house—A 1 Sanitary Lloyds—repairs being required for the roof, the British workman, objecting to the smell from the soil pipe ventilator, stopped it up with a rag. When the job was finished this was forgotten; not long after typhoid fever broke out in the family; this led to universal and complete investigation and the discovery of the cause of the mischief.

**UNHEALTHY SITES OF HOUSES.**—It is heart-rending to the disinterested but powerless sanitarian to see good gravel and sand carted away and the excavation filled up with putrescent filth, on which rows of houses are built. I have known mortar composed of a small quantity of lime mixed with street sweepings, the latter being largely made up of manure. The officer of health, who had his attention called to the fact of the composition of the mortar, stated that he had no power to stop the practice, but would have to wait until a nuisance arose. The same carelessness is shown in the arsenical poisoning of wall-papers, etc.

Once, in passing a row of middle-class houses, I pointed out to the builder what a financial saving it would be if he would let the pipe from the kitchen sink open over the outside grid instead of conducting it, trapless, to the drain. He



admitted the common sense of the suggestion, and promised it should be carried out; but months afterwards I found it had never been done, and drain-air was continuously laid on to the innocent and unsuspecting tenants. Recently-built houses, with all the "modern improvements," are often far from being in a satisfactory condition. Leisure and curiosity have lately led me to inspect some of the magnificent mansions of the metropolis and health resorts in course of construction and embellishment. As a rule the decorations were garish and meretricious; many-coloured dados, hand-painted panels, entablatures fearfully and wonderfully made, gilded cornices and over-decorated ceilings abounded; but the sanitary arrangements were beneath contempt;—testifying to the ignorance, obstinacy, stupidity or apathy of architects and builders.

**SANITARY EDUCATION.**—The remarks by Lord Derby, at Liverpool, still apply:—"No Sanitary improvement worth the name will be effected,

whatever Acts you pass, or whatever powers you confer on public officers, unless you can create a real and intelligent interest in the matter among the people at large. . . . Whatever administrative measures can do for public health—and they can do a great deal—they can never supersede the necessity for personal and private care. . . . The State may issue directions, municipal authorities may execute them to the best of their power, inspectors may travel about, medical authorities may draw up reports, but you cannot make a population cleanly or healthy against their will, or without their intelligent co-operation. The opportunity may be furnished by others, but the work must be done by themselves. This is why, of the two, Sanitary instruction is even more essential than Sanitary legislation." And it ought to be attended to in all schools.

P. HINCKES BIRD, F.R.C.S.,

*Late Medical Officer of Health.*

## Varieties.

### Married Women's Property.

Until a few years ago a woman who had no legal marriage settlement was, as regards her personal property, entirely at the mercy of her husband. Whatever she possessed at marriage, or might acquire during married life, became his absolutely by the Common Law. He could dispose of such property without making any provision for the future maintenance of the wife or children. As regards real estate he could not sell it without her consent, but could deal with the income as he pleased. The wife could not contract, nor sue or be sued, in fact had no recognised legal existence apart from the husband. This was all very well when both were one in affection and in interest as well as in law. But if a husband was a drunkard or a profligate, and the wife had to support herself and her children, it was atrocious that her earnings could be legally seized by her worthless partner.

It is not necessary to state the various provisions by which the Courts of Equity, by recognising the separate existence of the wife, mitigated the severity of the Common Law. The protection could usually be obtained by expensive methods, and the poor were still exposed to cruel wrong.

Parliamentary Committees of Inquiry in 1868 and 1869 collected much evidence on the subject, and the result was the passing, in 1870, of the Married Women's Property Act. The protection is still, however, very partial. Much depends upon what is the source of the money the woman wishes to secure, a little also upon the amounts.

1st. If the money was saved by the woman out of house-keeping money, it is her husband's, not hers, nor the children's, and she cannot protect it.

2nd. If she saved it out of the profits of any shop or business carried on in her husband's name, it is his, even if she did the larger part of the work.

3rd. If it is saved out of the profits of a business carried on in her name (milliner, greengrocer, anything), under the same roof with her husband, or with a connecting door between the house and the shop, the money is his, and she cannot protect it.

4th. If it is saved out of the profits of a business carried on in a completely separate building, in her name, and if her husband not only did no work there, but assumed no control, it is presumed that she had his tacit sanction, and anything earned by her after the 1st August, 1870, in such a business is her own, and can be settled by her on her children; but she would need a lawyer to do it, for it is not free from difficulty. But, at any moment, a husband can come into such a shop, or wareroom, or school, and assert control; whereupon all goods there, after fulfilment of contracts running at the moment, become his, and all earnings and savings made after that moment become his.

5th. If the money is saved out of earnings away from the house (as in domestic service, teaching, etc.), the money is hers, while it is in her own hand—she can pay her bills, and keep the change in her pocket. But if she invests money, earned either under this section or the last, there are only certain investments which secure her control. Bank of England shares, Government Consols, and deposits in certain trustee savings banks, are the chief ways in which she can invest money in her own name, so as to be able to withdraw or assign it. In post-office savings banks she can put it in, but she cannot take it out, without her husband's written signature. Any furniture, etc., bought with her savings is her husband's, not hers.

6th. If the money is a legacy left to her since August, 1870, without the use of the phrase "to her separate use," then, if it is under £200 in amount, it is her own, and she can assign it, but if it is above £200, then the whole of it is her husband's, and she cannot protect it.

7th. If the money has come to her under the distribution of the property of a relation who has died intestate, then it is her own. That is, if the death has occurred since August, 1870.

8th. If the money was a gift from a friend, relative, employer, etc., then it is her husband's, not hers. The same if it is the produce of the sale of any property, furniture, etc., which was a gift.

A Bill is now before Parliament, under charge of Mr. Hinde Palmer, for consolidating and extending the law which at present so inadequately and partially protects the property of married women. Throughout most of the States of the American Union and in Canada, the Common Law has been altered by Statute, and the woman after marriage retains her separate property, and is protected in her own earnings, with power to contract, and to sue or be sued, in respect of it, as if she were single, or a *feme sole*. It is to be regretted that any legislation is needed on such a subject, but the necessity is only too obvious in regard to those who are too poor to be protected, through trustees, by marriage settlements.

#### Negro Devotedness.

In the March Part of the "Leisure Hour" some remarkable instances were given of self-sacrifice under the influence of love and duty. Lochiel's foster-brother dying to save his chief, and poor Mike O'Sullivan refusing to leave his master and mistress on the sinking ship, are touching examples of the devotion arising from fosterage among Celtic people. But equally strong feeling of attachment, independent of any form of kinship or relationship, has caused noble self-sacrifice among all races and tribes of men. History abounds in such deeds of heroism, and far more numerous are the cases of unselfish devotion that pass unnoticed and unrecorded. It is a pleasure to find the memory preserved of self-sacrifice on the part of two African negroes, equalling that which appears in the annals of any nation.

A French schooner, *The Six Sisters*, Captain Hodoul, had left the Isle of Bourbon in April, 1819. It was delightful weather, and there was every prospect of a prosperous voyage. One evening, not long after their starting, the captain was talking on deck with Madame Mulfitt, one of the passengers, who, with a little child, was going to rejoin her husband. Suddenly a cry of alarm was heard. Through some unexplained cause fire had broken out in the hold, and, in spite of every exertion, the flames spread with fearful rapidity. The captain soon was satisfied that it was impossible to save the ship; and there was just time to get clear in the only boat that was uninjured, and which barely could receive the passengers and crew, twenty-four all told, besides Madame Mulfitt's child.

The boat was so crowded that there was hardly room to steer, and was laden almost to the water's edge. Terrible was the captain's anxiety, as he had already noticed signs of a coming storm, and he knew that they must all perish if the sea rose. In hasty consultation with his mate, it was agreed that the only hope of any escaping was lightening the boat. But who would be the victims for the general safety? There were two negro slaves along with the planter's wife, and the nurse. They showed the most tender concern for their poor mistress, who lay almost unconscious, but grasping her loved child. The sailors looked towards the negroes, and there seemed to be an agreement that these should be the victims. But the word dared not be spoken. The men were fine, athletic fellows—Senegal negroes—who would resist any violence, while the slightest struggle would inevitably sink the overladen boat.

The storm had approached with the rapidity common in these climates. Thunder rolled and vivid lightning frequently flashed. There was no time to be lost. One of the negroes saw and heard enough to know that the sailors had now determined to sacrifice the women to save their own lives. After exchanging a few earnest words with his comrade, one negro turned to the captain, and with earnest but firm voice, said, "Swear to me to save our mistress and her child, and we go into the sea!" The captain was deeply touched, and with emotion he only replied, "I swear it before God." The excitement caused by this strange scene cannot be described. The negroes hastily kissed the hand of the mother and embraced the child. One of them raised his arm, saying, "To God, little master," as he kissed the boy. They then leaped into the sea, carrying out their noble purpose of self-sacrifice.

The mother, awakened to the consciousness of what had taken place, and her agitation increased by anxiety for the safety of her son—fearing, perhaps, that other victims might be required—appealed with heartrending voice to the captain

to save the child. It was enough to unman the strongest heart, and the only response was his lifting eyes and heart to heaven. God only could give safety in such an hour of peril. The French account has some highflown remarks about "the sublime act of self-devotedness disarming the wrath of heaven, which required no more victims." In plainer words, we may say that the wind did not increase, and the waves did not swamp the boat, as they might have done but for the lightening of the load. Through merciful Providence the boat, with crew and passengers, was saved next day by a ship that despatched them. The names of the poor negroes we know not, but their deed of self-sacrifice is worthy of honour in all times.

#### Manitoba.

So much has been published in this country on the advantages of Manitoba as a field of emigration, that it is well to have less sanguine statements for consideration. An English farmer has given his experience in a letter to a New York paper. The truth is that much depends on the emigrant himself, as well as the particular locality where he fixes his settlement.

"In the spring of 1879, in company with a number of others like-minded, I determined upon selling off and going with my family to Manitoba. We reached Winnipeg in the month of June, and here we met with our first disappointment. We had seen it described in emigrant handbooks as the Chicago of the North-West. All the resemblance we found lay in the fact that Winnipeg is to-day what Chicago was a great many years ago, when they first began to build there—viz., a veritable mud-hole, and such mud—black, slimy, and tenacious as glue, and the only change from six or eight inches in depth was when it became ten, twelve, or fifteen inches.

"On arriving at this so-called 'city' we were told that we must purchase all we wanted here, as nothing could be got farther west. So we provided ourselves with horses, wagons, oxen, implements, etc., at prices varying from 25 to 35 per cent. dearer than they would have cost us in Minnesota.

"Being fully equipped, we started out west and found the prairie in such a condition from the heavy spring rains that had not yet finished (it was now July) that progress was almost impossible. During the first day we got stuck several times, had to double our teams, and in two instances had to unload in order to get out of 'slews,' and at the end of the day found that we had actually got about three miles from our starting-point. This, with some slight increase in the quantity of ground covered and difficulties encountered, was our experience for the next fortnight.

"By this time we had covered nearly 100 miles, had broken a quantity of harness gear, etc., tired out our cattle, used up every particle of patience, and had become altogether demoralised. You may imagine how good we felt towards the authorities who had assured us that there was a good surveyed road fully 150 miles west of Winnipeg.

"Having got this distance we thought we would look around us for a suitable spot where we could take up the free homestead of 160 acres and the pre-emption of 160 each at \$1 per acre, as promised us by the Canadian Government; but we found this was easier resolved on than carried out, as nearly all the land that was really workable was already disposed of under one of the following heads: Indian Reserve, Half-breed Reserve, Taken Up, Scrip. We also found that we should not be permitted to take a pre-emption, the Government having decided only to allow a homestead of 160 acres to each settler. This so enraged several of the party that they started right off for Dakota or Minnesota.

"I decided upon going farther west, and found by the time I got to the Little Saskatchewan district that the Canadian Government, in its desire to keep faith with the emigrant, had again altered its land regulations, this time bringing down the homestead to eighty acres and offering another eighty acres pre-emption at \$6 an acre if within five miles of the proposed Canadian Pacific Railroad, and if a settler preferred going back about 100 miles from the proposed railroad he might get land at \$1 an acre. In the land regulations of the Dominion there is, as in ordinary law proceedings, a 'glorious uncertainty.' So the aforesaid alteration did not last long, being very soon set aside by another. All who know

anything of the difficulties attendant upon the settling up of a new country cannot fail to know that the work of the squatter is of great importance in starting new settlements into being, and yet the Canadian Government has issued a notice to the effect that it will not recognise any rights that the squatter may suppose he has to the land he settles upon.

"I would especially call the attention of my brother farmers in the old country to the fact that there is very little surveyed land in Manitoba that is worth anything; outside of what is taken up or scrip it is either muskeg, brush, or totally under water, and if they settle on unsurveyed land, they do so with the clear understanding that the Government will not recognise their right to hold the land they settle on, no matter how much they improve it, or what buildings they may put on it—truly a pleasant prospect this for men who are trying to make homes for their families.

"One of the most terrible foes the settler has to encounter in Manitoba is the prairie fire. We had so many of those fires here last fall that a great many of the settlers had to sell their cattle, being unable to feed them through such a long winter as we have here. In the neighbourhood of Rapid City hay fetched from \$15 to \$18 per ton, and was scarce at that.

"The pleasing succession of the seasons' in the hand-books promised a beautiful Indian summer of four or five weeks' duration about November. Instead of this, winter came on in October, and never once slackened its hold until the end of May, thus giving us above seven months of winter; and such a winter! The thermometer down in the thirties, forties, and fifties below zero, and every few days, by way of variety, a blizzard that would almost knock the brass out of a book agent's face. During these long months of winter, the cattle, horses, etc., have to be fed indoors, as it is utterly impossible for them to live out in such a climate as this, and this circumstance of itself is sufficient to prevent the country ever being a good stock-raising district. The long-looked-for, tardy coming spring having at length made its appearance, a new difficulty faces the farmer. The snow, which in some places lies six, ten, fifteen, or even twenty feet deep, melts, and there is no fall for the water. Manitoba itself being all one dead level, even the bed of the Assiniboine being only some four feet below the level of the surrounding prairie, the melted snow must either be absorbed into the earth or else remain ponded on its surface until such time as the heat of the sun can dry it up. With such a condition of things it is surely no wonder that Red River fever—a species of violent dysentery—prevails here to a great extent. During the whole of June and part of July a large proportion, I should think over one-half, of this province was under water."

#### Cranbourne Chase "Hunters."

Little is probably known by the general public of the district which still goes by the name of Cranbourne Chase. Yet little more than fifty years ago it was a well-stocked deer forest, with its own courts and laws, and even its own "Chase prison;" and as poaching seems to be the natural consequence of preserving, it had also its stock of poachers. These men being a somewhat peculiar race, affording in many points a contrast to their modern successors, a few words about them may be interesting.

The Chase takes its name from the little town of Cranbourne, in the north-west corner of Dorset, whence it extends eastward nearly as far as Shaftesbury, though the western portion of it was the most favourable for deer preserving. Various complaints having arisen on account of the injury done to the crops of neighbouring farmers, a Bill was passed in 1829 disfranchising the Chase, and granting to the then Lord Rivers a pecuniary compensation in consideration of his giving up his rights. The Bill, after setting forth that the feeding and preserving of deer "is extremely injurious to the owners of land within the said Chase, and a great hindrance to the cultivation of such lands," goes on to say that it also "tends greatly to interrupt the industrious and moral habits of the labouring classes of the inhabitants residing in and near the said Chase."

These last words are a mild and parliamentary way of stating the fact that the country was infested with regular gangs of deer-stealers, or "hunters," as they preferred to be called. These men were frequently of a higher class than

the ordinary labourer, led to this mode of life through sheer love of sport and adventure, such as we may suppose Shakespeare to have had in his youth.

But what chiefly distinguished the Cranbourne Chase "hunters" from the modern poacher was their habit of wearing what was practically a complete suit of armour. This consisted partly of a helmet made of the same material as a beehive, and a good deal in the same shape. An old writer on the "Anecdotes and History of Cranbourne Chase" describes it as being "formed with wreaths of straw tightly bound together with split bramble-stalks, the workmanship much the same as that of the common beehive." The body was protected by a "jack," or jerkin, quilted to the thickness of two inches, and made usually of thick canvas. Such a garment would ward off a sword-cut, or deaden the blow of a quarter-staff. An old print represents it as being made with long sleeves, so as to protect the arms.

For offensive purposes the hunters carried, besides firearms, a long knife or hanger, and a weapon called a "swivel," resembling a small flail, and capable of doing great execution when wielded dexterously. In the event of a collision between men so armed and the keepers, a desperate encounter usually took place, seldom ending without broken bones, and sometimes not without loss of life.

The growing enlightenment of the nineteenth century could no longer endure such deliberate law-breaking, combined with injury to crops and detriment to the "moral habits of the labouring classes." And so, by the law of 1829, all further cause for the use of hangers, jacks, and beehive caps was taken away by the destruction of the deer, stated in the Bill to have numbered not less than twelve thousand. It was, no doubt, a necessary act, but no one can help regretting that the commons and woodlands of the district are no longer enlivened by the herds of deer, such as used to roam there in our grandfathers' days.—D.

**Andorra.**—On the southern side of the central Pyrenees is a district, about forty miles long by twenty in breadth, called Andorra, after its chief town. The territory is mountainous, but intersected by streams and abundant in pasturage. The people speak the Catalan dialect. The most curious point about Andorra is that it is a miniature independent state, like San Marino and Monaco in Italy. More than a thousand years ago, Louis le Debonnaire gave the sovereignty of this Franco-Spanish valley to the Bishop of Urgel, and from that time, A.D. 819, it has remained independent. A Syndic is president, with two assessors, one nominated by France and the other by the Bishop of Urgel. A rumour has been current that the gambling speculators of Monaco have been trying to secure a footing in Andorra. We are sorry to hear it, except it indicates fear as to the gaming at Monaco being disturbed. There are brigands enough among the Pyrenees already. Poor Andorra's chief mountain will acquire new meaning for its name, *maledeta*, or the accursed.

**Diamond cut Diamond.**—A correspondent writes to the "Times" from New York about two great publishing firms of that city:—"Soon after Mr. Carlyle's death, the Messrs. Scribner, publishers, of this city, announced that they had made an arrangement with Mr. Froude to publish Mr. Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' here simultaneously with their publication in London. A few days ago the book made its appearance. To-day the following advertisement appeared in the principal New York newspapers:—'Reminiscences,' by Thomas Carlyle. Being the American publishers of works by Thomas Carlyle, and having arranged in 1879, through Mr. Moncure D. Conway, with Mr. Carlyle himself for the American publication of his Reminiscences, and Mr. Froude having used his position as editor to furnish the advance sheets to his own publishers in this country, instead of to us, we shall—notwithstanding Mr. Froude's disregard of our arrangement with Mr. Carlyle—in pursuance of that arrangement, and of our claim by trade courtesy, issue the work (which is Mr. Carlyle's, and not Mr. Froude's) as soon as possible, and at the following prices:—12mo., cloth, illustrated by 11 portraits, 60 cents; 4to, paper (in the Franklin Square Library), 15 cents. Harper and Brothers, Franklin Square, New York."



**Population Revenue Representation.**—Last year the estimated population of England was 25,165,336; of Scotland 3,627,453; of Ireland 5,363,324. The net revenue (apart from Post-office and telegraph, since common to all parts of the United Kingdom) was, England £52,192,297; Scotland, £7,841,252; Ireland, £6,499,353. If the members of Parliament were proportioned to population England would have 485; Scotland, 70; Ireland, 103. If proportionately to revenue, England would have 516; Scotland, 78; Ireland, 64.

**Laus a laudato.**—Longfellow thus truly and affectionately describes James Russell Lowell:—

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse  
Was tender, musical, and terse;  
The inspiration, the delight,  
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,  
Of thoughts so sudden that they seem  
The revelations of a dream:  
All these are his; but with them came  
No envy of another's fame;  
He did not find his sleep less sweet  
For music in some neighbouring street,  
Nor rustling hear in every breeze  
The laurels of Miltiades.  
Honour and blessings on his head  
While living, good report when dead,  
Who, not too eager for renown,  
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown.

**Robert Hall and Andrew Fuller.**—Mr. Edmonds, the successor of Robert Hall at Cambridge, told me he was once sitting between him and Mr. Fuller, as they sat *vis-à-vis*, with their pipes, in the chimney-corner of a farmhouse. Mr. Fuller broke the silence. "Mr. Hall, I am no judge of composition, and should like your opinion of a phrase I lately met with in a review." The writer was describing the work under review as displaying *extreme* mediocrity of talent. "What, sir, extreme mediocrity? The man must be a fool, sir, to use such an expression—mediocrity can never be extreme." "I thought it rather odd," said his friend. No more passed, but, observed Mr. E., "I watched Mr. Hall's countenance change, as he evidently discovered in the quotation a hastily-written passage of his own."—*The Rev. A. G. Fuller (son of Andrew Fuller).*

**Old English Flowers.**—First among the flowers of the year is the Christmas rose. "I saw," quaintly says old Sir Thomas Browne's son, writing in 1664,—"I saw black hellebore in flower, which is white;" and certainly clusters of the large Christmas rose, especially when the slight protection of a bell-glass has been given to them, are hardly less beautiful than the eucharis itself. Then come the snowdrops, which should be planted not only on the border, but on some bit of grass, where they may remain undisturbed till the leaves have died away. The crocus comes next, the same crocus that once "brake like fire" at the feet of three goddesses, whom poor Cene saw on Ida. This should always be planted, not in thin lines, but in thick clusters, for only then can be seen the wonderful rich depths of colour which open out to the sun. Tufts of crocus, too, should spring up beneath the branches of deciduous or weeping trees, where the grass is bare in early spring, and when once planted the crocus seems to go on for ever. A writer in the "Gardeners' Chronicle" says that it is known that a particular patch of white crocus has been in the same spot for above a hundred and twenty years. It is sometimes said that in course of time the yellow crocus will turn into the coarser and commoner purple crocus. This, we believe, is a mere fallacy, but it sometimes appears as if it were true. The fact, we take it, is that if the two varieties are placed together the stronger one will gradually get possession of the ground, and supplant the more delicate yellow, just as—as old Waterton used to say—the Hanoverian rats turned out the old brown rat of the country. Other spring flowers are far less cultivated in great gardens than in those of less pretension; but no flowers give more pleasure, both from their own beauty and as being among the first flowers of the year. There are the ariscula, or "Basier"—as it is called in Lancashire ballads—with its velvet petals and its powdered leaves; the double primrose, faint smelling of the spring; the hepatica, whose bright little blossoms sparkle like unset gems; the pulmonaria, with blossoms half-blue, half-red, and milk-stained leaves, for which sacred

legends can alone account. Then, above all, are the daffodils, most loved of flowers by the poets, though, once again, in preference to any poet, as less known yet admirable in their way, we will quote a few words from Forbes Watson's book. "The daffodil," he says, "is a plant which affords a most beautiful contrast, a cool watery sheet of leaves, with bright, warm flowers, yellow and orange, dancing over the leaves like meteors over a marsh." But we cannot, of course, pass in review all the flowers of the spring, though we must urge a claim for such old-fashioned plants as Solomon's seal, with its palm-like leaves, and the crown imperial, with its circlet of orange-bells. To beds of anemone, ranunculus, and tulips succeed, with numberless others, the snowflake, the hairy red poppy, the valerian, mulleins of various sorts, the early gladiolus, the large flowering lupin, and, above all, lilies. The variety of lilies, all beautiful, and nearly all easily grown, is quite remarkable, and we doubt whether—comparatively, at least—any flower is more neglected. Then come roses, and we would strongly recommend that, in addition to the newer "remontant" roses, the old roses, and the old way of growing them, should not be quite forgotten. Standard roses are all very well, but a rose-bush covered over with bloom is very often much better.—*Quarterly Review.*

**Help for the Unemployed.**—The correspondent of a daily paper makes the suggestion that much good might be done by the churches and chapels throughout the land if each would establish a kind of employment agency, to be worked in somewhat the same way as Dorcas Societies are now worked. "I do not mean that a number of charitable ladies should subscribe to supply work to needlewomen, for I wish to keep charity, as at present understood, out of the question. I mean a simple registry, under the care of an efficient secretary, who would continually receive the names of those out of work (male and female), and advertise the nature of the employment sought in a list upon the church door, or in some other conspicuous place. In many large congregations this would be a convenience to employers and a benefit to employes, and could be in no way unseemly; for it would be real charity without wearing the name of charity."

**An Ignorant Constable.**—At a Deemster's Court in the Isle of Man a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament, and not the New, the Deemster requested the constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After a while that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking, dilapidated book, which, on being examined, proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was: "Please, your honour, it was the oldest one I could find."

**Sheep Rot and "Flukes."**—When Daniel Webster, the American statesman, was in England, he was an intelligent observer of English farming. In a lecture, delivered at Boston, he expressed his astonishment at seeing "many large flocks of sheep, amounting in the aggregate to thousands and even millions, which are never housed. This was to me a matter of surprise, considering the wetness of the climate; and, moreover, these sheep are often exposed in fields where a dry spot cannot be found for them to lie down upon. It appeared to me that it would be an improvement in English husbandry to furnish for sheep not only a tolerably dry ground to lie upon, but also some sort of shelter against the cold rains of winter."

**Pauper Endowments at Bruges.**—Piety, in the guise of pauper endowment, has had a large share in ruining the once opulent, proud, and independent citizens of Bruges. Actual want need scarcely be known here; and the moral result is the prevalence of a degrading spirit of apathy and dependence for help on other resources than those of personal energy and enterprise; and for tangible outcome the numbering of some fifteen thousand paupers out of a population of seven or eight and forty thousand. That noble spirit of independence, without which no nation, city, or even community, can become great or prosperous, is altogether wanting here. Whether the old spirit is destined to revive amongst the Brugeois, even with the re-erection of their city into a seaport, presently, as designed by the present sovereign of Belgium, remains to be seen.—*"In Fair Bruges," by C. Beeton (Remington).*

**Desultory Reading.**—An Indian correspondent says: "I think you would laugh to see the books I sometimes pore over for hours. Johnson's 'Dictionary' is a particular favourite, and any bookseller's catalogue I find highly entertaining. In neither taste am I singular. Dr. Robertson read the 'Dictionary' twice over; and a lady did the same in its pocket form—liking it, she said, for its nice, even, short sentences;—as to catalogues, there are a whole tribe in England who read scarcely any thing else—the bibliologists."

**The London and North-Western Railway.**—We believe we are correct in stating that, including the extra lines laid down over a large portion of their system, and the vast number of sidings, the London and North-Western Company maintain the astonishing amount of no less than 10,000 miles of rail. The capital embarked in this vast aggregate amounts to no less a sum than one hundred millions, while its average weekly receipts fall little short of £200,000. The company annually carry nearly 50,000,000 passengers, and between 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 tons of merchandise and minerals, in the conveyance of which their trains run 25,000,000 miles, while there are employed upwards of 2,000 engines, 3,000 carriages, and nearly 50,000 goods waggons and other vehicles of various descriptions, to say nothing of a magnificent fleet of steamers, a stud of between 2,000 and 3,000 horses, and last, though not least, an army of 40,000 men.—*Builder.*

**Christianity in Japan.**—In Miss Bird's "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" (vol. ii, p. 300) we have a remarkable incident recorded which recalls the spirit of Apostolic days. She says: "Christianity is received as a life rather than as a doctrine. The Kôbe congregation, numbering 350 members, besides contributing nearly 1,000 dollars to erect a church, sustaining its own poor, paying its own pastor, engages in various forms of benevolent effort, and compensates Christians who are too poor to abstain from work on Sunday for the loss of the day's wages. . . . Copies of such of the New Testament books as are translated were given away some time ago by Mr. Neesima (a native pastor) to the officer of the prison at Otsu, who, not caring to keep them, gave them to a man imprisoned for manslaughter, but a scholar. A few months ago a fire broke out, and 100 incarcerated persons, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and to a man remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. This curious circumstance led to an inquiry as to its cause, and it turned out that the scholar had been so impressed with the truth of Christianity that he had taught it to his fellow-captives, and Christian principle, combined with his personal influence, restrained them from defrauding justice. The scholar was afterwards pardoned, but he remained at Otsu to teach more of 'the new way' to the prisoners."

**An Asymptote of Time and Space.**—If a man walks one thousand feet in one minute, five hundred in the second minute, two hundred and fifty in the third, and so on, walking half as much in each succeeding minute, if he should walk for ever he will never get through two thousand feet! This is strange, but true; you may at once prove it by simple addition. This is an *asymptote*; the man always gets nearer the goal, but never can reach it though he walk for ever!

**A German Toy.**—A correspondent at Baden writes:—"German stoves are formed of porcelain tiles crowned with a flat marble slab. From the back of the stove a flue is carried, and it is made to wind along the wall purposely, so as to retain the heat in the room. Upon the marble slab half a potato is placed, and in it is stuck a long knitting-needle. Upon the needle a piece of paper cut in the shape of an ordinary wood-shaving is balanced, and it then turns round rapidly from the action of the heat. Sometimes it is made to turn a little cardboard contrivance representing a man sawing wood or working at a pump-handle. Heat, as is well known, ascends—it is the ascending power which turns the paper or thin cardboard on the top of the needle."

**Sulphur in Wool and Hair.**—The proportion of sulphur in wool and hair is very large, and as they are daily growing, they necessarily draw upon and rob the land of sulphur, its especial constituent. Professor Johnston states that the wool which is grown in Great Britain and Ireland carries off the land every year upwards of four million pounds of sulphur, to supply which would require the addition to the soil of 300,000 tons of gypsum. The hair on the heads of our

population carries off nearly half as much as the wool of our sheep. It is not without reason, therefore, that the Chinese collect and employ as a manure the hair shaven every ten days from the heads of their people.

**Filial Affection.**—I am persuaded that there is no affection of the human heart more exquisitely pure than that which is felt by a grateful son towards a mother who fostered his infancy with fondness, watched over his childhood with anxiety, and his youth with an interest compounded of all that is tender, wise, and pious.—*Hannah More.*

**Luther Celebration.**—Protestant Germany is already preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Saxon reformer's birthday, November 10, 1483. It is proposed to fix upon the Wartburg, near Eisenach, as the middle point of the celebration. Dr. Kuster, the burgomaster of Eisenach, is the president of the committee charged with making the needful arrangements. It was in the Wartburg that Luther laboured at the work which was the completion of his activity as a reformer—the translation of the Bible into German. The famous "Luther room" has become the germ of a Luther museum, which will probably receive many accessions by the time the anniversary arrives. It is proposed to give the celebration an international character.

**Bank of England.**—At a recent City dinner, when the toast was given, "The Governor and Court of the Bank of England," Mr. Birch, in returning thanks, remarked that the business of the Bank of England had no parallel in any other establishment in the world, inasmuch as it combined with an ordinary banking business the management of the National Debt, and the issue and payment of the greater portion of the note circulation of the country. Some idea of the greatness of the work might be formed from the facts that there were no less than 236,500 accounts open in the public funds, that the number of bank-notes issued during last year was above 15½ millions, representing a sum of £338,000,000, and there was a similar amount cancelled. An accurate register of every operation was kept, so that any note paid into the bank during the last five years could be produced within a minute or two, with information as to the channel through which it had found its way back to the bank, and this notwithstanding that the register represented seventy-seven millions of notes, stowed away in 14,500 boxes. It was generally thought that the bank was extravagant in cancelling the notes which came in, but the matter had been well considered, and it was calculated that if they were to keep a register of the notes their present system was the cheapest.

**Gilding Picture-Frames.**—Mechanical gilding is chiefly used for gilding picture-frames, etc.; it consists simply in laying leaf-gold upon the surface of the wood, which is first prepared with a layer of "thin white" composed of hot size and whiting; then if the gilding is to be burnished, another layer of "thick white" of similar composition, but with more whiting, is added; after this a coating of gold-size is brushed over—this is wetted, and the gold-leaf is laid upon it. A considerable amount of skill is required in picking up, cutting into the proper size, and laying on the pieces of gold-leaf, so that there be as little waste as possible, and all the inequalities of a raised design equally covered. The gold-leaves are first laid upon a cushion by blowing them from between the leaves of a book, then cut into the required sizes, and lifted and laid on the work by means of a "tip," which is a sort of comb formed of bristles. When the gold is thus laid on, it is forcibly blown, to expel as much as possible of the moisture under it, and then further prepared and smoothed by means of a camel-hair brush. When it has reached a certain state of dryness, it is burnished by rubbing with a burnisher of flint or agate. The use of the under layer of whiting and size is to give a somewhat yielding surface, which renders it possible to rub the gold-leaf briskly without abrading it. Portions of the surface which are left unburnished in dead gold are called the "matt." The above process is called burnish-gilding. Oil-gilding differs somewhat from this in the preparation of the surface to receive gold-leaf. Two or three coatings of thin white, mixed with a little mellow clay, are applied, then, two or three coats of plain gelatine size, called "clear cold," and finally the oil gold-size, upon which the gold is laid when it is nearly dry or "tacky." Those parts which require burnishing are treated as before described.

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# THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

## THE PUBLIC MEETING

Will be held on Friday Evening, May 6th, at Exeter Hall. The Chair will be taken at Half-past Six o'clock, by the Right Hon. the Earl of ABERDEEN; and the following gentlemen are expected to address the Meeting:— Rev. J. MUNRO GIBSON, D.D.; Rev. Canon HOARE, M.A.; Rev. Canon M'CONNELL HUSSEY, D.D.; Rev. WM. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.; Rev. COLMER B. SYMES, B.A.

*Tickets for Reserved Seats may be had on application to the Secretaries, 56, Paternoster Row, London.*

## A PUBLIC BREAKFAST

In connection with the Foreign Missionary Work of the Society, will be held in Cannon Street Hotel, at 9 o'clock a.m., on Tuesday, May 17th, 1881, when the Right Hon. THE LORD MAYOR, M.P., will Preside, and other Friends of the Society are expected to be present and to speak.

*Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, may be had from the Secretaries, 56, Paternoster Row, or 164, Piccadilly.*

## SERMONS.

The Anniversary Sermons will be preached as follows:—

On Sunday Morning, April 24th, 1881. By the Rev. WILLIAM LEFROY, M.A., in St. Michael's, Chester Square. Divine Service to commence at 11 o'clock.

On Sunday Morning, May 8th, 1881. By the Rev. J. OSWALD DYKES, D.D., at Regent Square Church. Divine Service to commence at 11 o'clock.

And on Friday, May 20th, 1881. By the Rev. Canon FLEMING, B.D., in St. Mary Aldermary, Queen Victoria Street. Divine Service to commence at a quarter-past 1 o'clock.

SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D.,  
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*The Illustrated List of May Meetings may be had gratis on application.*

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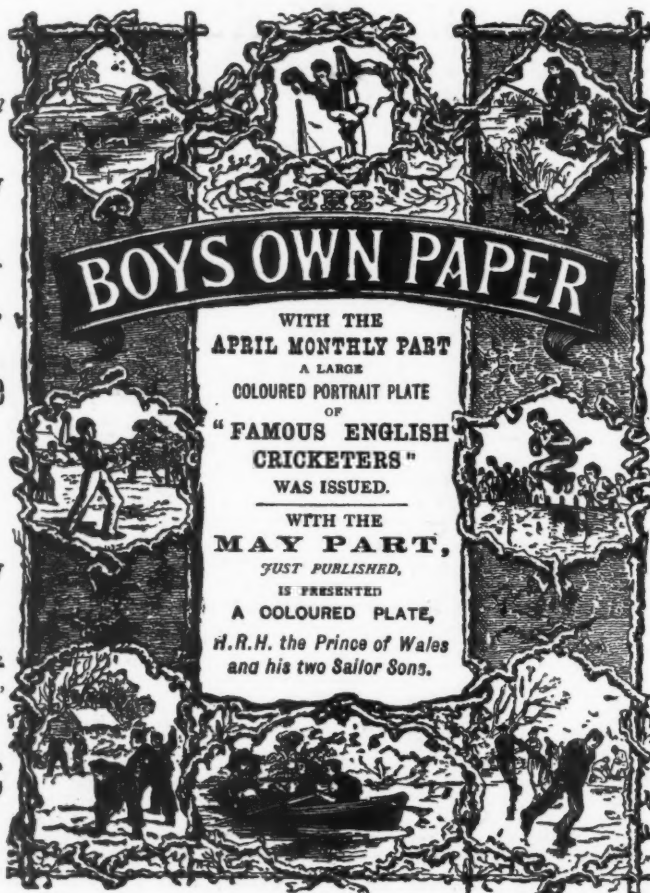
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